

# *The Sign* *National Catholic Magazine*

October 1953 - 25¢

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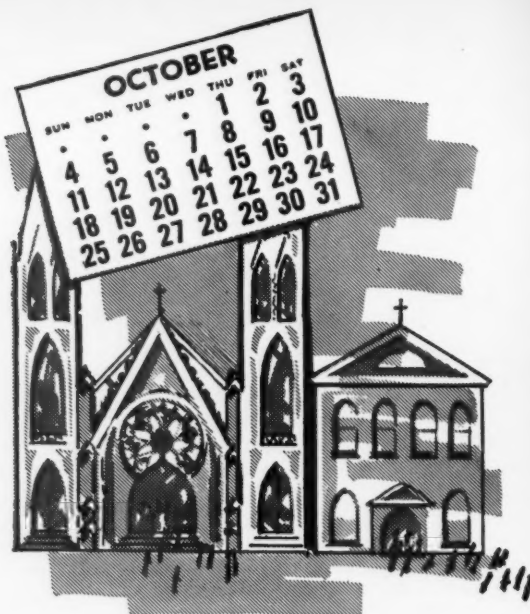
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# LETTERS



## Woman to Woman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take this opportunity to overcome  
my reluctance to write to magazine editors  
and thank you for having Katherine Burton  
on your staff. Her article in the August,  
1953 issue of THE SIGN has sent my heart  
back to the level on which it belongs.

It is so good to read an article in defense  
of the women of today. Time after time I  
come across articles degrading us to the  
lowest degree—blaming us for everything  
bad in the world today.

Please don't think I am complaining of  
my plight—I am very happy, I love my  
husband, and thank God for him, and we  
adore our beautiful children, and we know  
God must smile upon our little family. But  
there are very few people who care to  
encourage us young women of today. It  
seems every article written about us is  
done so for the sole purpose of belittling  
us and tearing us down. Thank the good  
Lord for writers like Katherine Burton—  
who must be very familiar with our plight  
—who wrote in our defense.

I shall remember your article whenever  
I run across such words as the good Rever-  
end Joseph Cantillon, S.J., used against  
us—and remember them as my pillar of  
strength and source of encouragement.

ALMA POTTER

BAYSIDE, N. Y.

## Women

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My old friend, Mrs. Katherine Burton,  
might not be so angry at me ("Provocation  
Unlimited," page 49, August issue of THE  
SIGN) if she had been present at our hour  
and a half debate in Boston, instead of  
interpreting the eighty-five words of direct  
quotation used by Time.

The purpose of these debates between  
Father Gerard Murphy and myself, held in  
Boston and elsewhere, is to call to feminine  
attention the remarkable words of Pius  
the Twelfth: "Now the sphere of woman,  
her manner of life, her native bent, is  
motherhood. Every woman is made to be a  
mother; a mother in the physical meaning  
of the word or in the more spiritual and  
exalted but no less real sense" (*Your Des-  
tiny Is At Stake*, 1945, NCWC edition, page  
six.) My colleague and I spell out this  
spiritual motherhood of all women as "to-  
tal gift of self to the good of families." We  
could have lectured on the topic, but a de-

bate, examining the concrete attitudes of  
American women in 1953, promised a  
novel approach, a "provocation to thought."

It strikes us that if fifty million women  
read and accept the philosophy of the pop-  
ular women's magazines, then they will  
accept the "get the most out of life" view-  
point. The Papal approach inculcates the  
opposite "give and give totally." Which  
viewpoint is prevailing in the United  
States today, is at least open to discussion.

Mrs. Burton seems to endorse, rather  
generously, the feminists of the nineteenth  
century. She writes that they strove "not  
so much for women's as for human rights.  
Many of the early feminists wanted a world  
at peace for their children."

Isn't a distinction ("abstract reasoning  
of theologians") necessary? Were there not  
two wings of nineteenth century feminism,  
the radical and the conservative? Radical  
feminism insisted that the masculine pat-  
tern of life was the ideal for women. They  
insisted that woman's inferiority was the re-  
sult of her connection with the home. Di-  
vorce, free love, rejection of large families  
would give women, they said, a happiness  
and a freedom similar to men's.

The other group of feminists admitted  
the very real differences between men and  
women and concentrated their efforts on  
needed reforms of a political, economic,  
and practical nature. In commending the  
Consumer's League and others, your col-  
umnist should not forget the very real  
damage done to women's thinking by the  
other group.

Your editor urges me to line up with  
Father Frank Corley in his crusade for fam-  
ily allowances. I worked with him and  
others side by side in this matter back in  
1946, and I have often urged this need on  
Catholic groups. The record might show, I  
suggest, that very few of the powerful na-  
tional women's organizations have consid-  
ered this crying need of the United States.

Possibly Mrs. Burton reveals the source  
of irritation when she starts to enumerate  
the failures of men. I quote: "war, which  
is certainly man's idea" "... killed by man-  
made arms and man-made ideas ... men  
are planning new wars." For the record, we  
have never denigrated women by a debas-  
ing comparison with men. Men are the  
greater failures, in my opinion. Maybe my  
friend and I can agree that both sexes are  
potential failures, if we do not heed the  
stirring Papal directives.

(Continued on page 77)



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# The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

OCTOBER

1953

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No. 3

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# Editor's page

## Too Many Japanese?

WE received a visit recently from Father Kaschmitter, a Maryknoll missionary. He is the founder of Tosei News, the official Catholic news service of Japan. He explained to us an idea which he is promoting and which he hopes will catch on in this country. Perhaps it's too idealistic, but it's certainly refreshingly Christian.

The population of Japan is 85,000,000, a little more than half that of the United States. These people are crowded into an area about the size of the State of Montana. To make matters worse, only about one fifth of the land can be used for food production. In order to supplement what is grown at home, the Japanese must import over 4,000,000 tons a year.

The shooting wars in which they have engaged in the past six decades had their origins in the commercial and industrial wars forced on them by the need of money to pay for necessary food supplies. Today the same situation exists. Japan must trade or perish. Nevertheless, some nations are doing everything possible to raise barriers against Japanese trade in order not to lose their own profitable markets.

The situation is bad. It is only a matter of time before it will again become explosive. The Japanese have tried war and emigration with little success. On foreign advice they have introduced birth control and abortion. Last year the number of abortions was estimated at 1,500,000. Some Japanese have even advocated a tax on child bearing. None of these measures have helped.

In the face of such terrible conditions in Japan it is at least a little shocking to hear from United States agricultural experts that four fifths of the arable land of the world is now going to waste. It is even more shocking to recall that the United States has spent \$4,000,000,000 in recent years to combat overproduction. It would seem there ought to be enough food for everybody—in fact enough for about twice the present world population.

Right here Father Kaschmitter does a little arithmetic. He figures that the money we have spent for combating overproduction would have been enough to buy 20,000,000 acres of good farm land here in the United States at \$200 an acre. Rented to Japan on a fifty or one hundred year lease, this

would double Japan's arable land, since she now has 17,000,000 acres producing food. Instead of spending money to reduce overproduction, we would spend it to buy farmland which could be rented for a cash return. Furthermore, we would be fulfilling the Christian admonition to feed the hungry, and we would be making a great contribution to world peace.

It would be necessary to make a small beginning as a test of the plan and to prepare people's minds for so novel an experiment. We could rent to the Japanese areas no greater than ten miles long by ten miles wide. If each family had 160 acres, this would mean that none of the rented regions would have more than 400 families. Politically they would be an integral part of the United States but economically a part of Japan, and the bulk of the produce would be shipped there.

If such a plan worked out in the United States, it could be introduced into various parts of the world—for Japan or for any other country in need of arable land. It has been estimated that Brazil, for instance, with a population of 53,000,000, could support 1,000,000,000 people. Referring to such unused areas, the present Holy Father declared that this land "suitable to colonies of agricultural workers" has been "created and prepared for the use of all."

ADMITTEDLY there are difficulties, but they are infinitesimal compared with the difficulties involved in another war. It is rather enlightening to read that all American farms and farm buildings were valued at \$46,389,000,000 in 1945—about the same amount as our annual military budget!

Is this plan too idealistic? Is it asking too much?

We don't know. But we do think that, if Japan's population problem isn't worked out in some way, it won't be many years before we shall again be pouring out American blood and treasure in a new war.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Haggard from 22 months in a Red prison, Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., recuperates in Canadian hospital, a picture of what happens to the Church under Communism.

*Religious News*



*United Press*

Will he make it? A West Berlin policeman lifts border gate to let East German youth return to Soviet zone after receiving American food. Red guards wait on other side.

**W**HAT science needs today is a good bouncer. Too many hucksters endow themselves with the respectable title "scientist" and pose chummily in the august company of men like Newton, Marconi, Pasteur, and Planck. From this impressive vantage, they hawk the glass diamonds and gilded tin of science, in the hope that the public will think their merchandise genuine out of regard for the established reputation of their companions. Somebody ought to throw them out.

### Scientist Or Free Loader?

This old opinion of ours was recently confirmed by the new Kinsey report. Kinsey acted more like a peddler than a scientist.

He did the one thing that responsible medical men try to avoid like a plague. He blew horns, turned cartwheels, and otherwise cut up in a deliberate effort to publicize a therapy which was rashly constructed and improperly tested.

Here is what we mean:

He questioned 2,480 married women. Fifty per cent of them had indulged in pre-marital relations. Kinsey recommends such indulgence. Says it makes for better adjustment in marriage. Well, what kind of adjustment did it make for in the case of these 2,480 women? More than one-quarter of them were unfaithful to their husbands.

It seems to us that the conclusion from this record is not that pre-marital sex activity makes for successful marriages, but that pre-marital cheating makes for post-marital cheating.

Here is something else:

Kinsey claims the chief damage a woman suffers from pre-marital sex indulgence comes from any guilty feelings she may have about it. That opinion is not only unscientific. It is irresponsible even on a lay level. Is the Doctor sure that the law of God does not proscribe pre-marital sex? Is the Doctor sure that no serious spiritual damage can afflict the soul as a result of such adventures? No, he isn't. But he can't act like a real scientist and keep quiet about things he's ignorant of.

He accuses the Church, the home, and the school of being the chief sources of sexual inhibitions. That is not only unscientific. It is stupid. It is like making the entirely superfluous statement that fathers and mothers are the chief sources of children. The Church, the home, and the school are the chief sources of all social inhibitions—from stifling a public belch to refraining from murdering a bridge partner or a phony scientist.

And, incidentally, what does Kinsey know about the Catholic Church and its record for cultivating a healthy sex life? He confessedly did not sample a representative number of practicing Catholic women. In fact, he didn't sample a representative number of American women as a whole.

He admits the limitations of his sampling and considers this work as a preface to more thorough investigation later on. Why then didn't he wait till later on when he could tell the whole story, instead of leaving the world, in the meantime, under the libelous impression that American women



**Freed PW, Martin Guerrero of San Antonio, Texas, returns to arms of mother after "Big Switch" ended. For mothers of sons who didn't return, there was only sorrow.**

Wide World



**A familiar picture of war are these refugees resting along Indo-China road. World wonders whether end of war in Korea will mean new strength for Reds in Indo-China.**

United Press



**Following series of lightning double-takes, Shah of Iran relaxes after ouster of Premier Mossadegh. Quick U. S. aid may guarantee a permanent peace for the Iranians.**

European

are unfaithful to their husbands in the proportion of one out of every four.

We do not mean this as a critique of Doctor Kinsey's report on the American female. We have been anticipated in that and fully subscribe to what seems to be the consensus of opinion, namely, that Dr. Kinsey got mixed up in the standard for people and the standard for airdales.

Our conclusion is the one we announced at the beginning: What science needs today is a good bouncer.

**W**HEN Attorney-General Brownell announced a campaign against illegal immigration of Mexican farm workers, he called attention to a shame and scandal of our democracy. We rightly boast that we are the richest nation in the world. American labor is generally well paid and treated fairly. But in our midst we have conditions of exploitation and peonage which should sicken every believer in social justice and the rights of man.

The facts of the case are fairly well known. In Mexico, the population has grown faster than the ability of the economy to absorb workers. As a result, large numbers of unemployed or partially employed farm workers drift to the U.S. border seeking seasonal farm jobs. Only a small percentage of these workers can enter the United States legally in terms of agreements between the governments of Mexico and the United States. Up to one million cross the border illegally often by swimming the Rio Grande—thence the term "wetbacks."

These wetbacks lack even the modicum of legal protection given native migratory workers or legal immigrant contract workers. They must accept the wages, housing, and working conditions offered them. Otherwise the employer can denounce them to the immigration authorities and have them deported. In practice we have slavery, without the elements of responsibility and humanity which sometimes accompany legalized slavery. Wages are as low as twenty cents a day, after deductions for meals, transportation, and housing are met. Housing conditions are deplorable. Medical care is often nonexistent.

Many of these migrants later drift into the cities of the West and Southwest, creating a tremendous problem of assimilation. They crowd into slums, with all the consequent problems of disease, crime, and vice. These evils in turn breed prejudice and discrimination. We are thus building an explosive situation, created largely by the greed of a few exploiters.

The general problem of migratory labor is highly complex. Sound remedies have been proposed and should be adopted. But the solution of the problem will not come overnight. By contrast, it is fairly simple to stop the flow of wetbacks, given the will to do so. If the Mexican government is willing to take stern action, it can prevent the concentration of such workers near the borders. But the United States could also act unilaterally to close the border to illegal entrants.

An obvious step would be to increase the number of men on border patrol. Even more effective would be to get to the heart of the matter and prosecute those who attract such workers and connive in their illegal entry. The northward movement of Mexican workers is by no means a spontaneous migration. Recruiting is often organized with lures of high wages and "American luxuries." Once across the border, the poor migrant must take what the traffic will bear.

There may be legal complications in penalizing farmers who hire such illegal migrants. Even in areas where over ninety per cent of the farm labor consists of wetbacks, the farmers may claim that "they did not realize" that these workers had jumped the border. But if immigration au-



thorities were to inspect the farm labor camps and deport at once any illegal migrants, the situation would rapidly clear up. Farmers would then be forced to regularize employment and improve conditions.

The present situation has arisen mainly because of apathy and toleration of lawbreaking. Citizens of the West and Southwest deplore the social problems caused by unregulated immigration, but are apathetic when it comes to seeking rigorous enforcement of the law, mainly because of the pressure of organized farm groups. It will take a high measure of political courage for the Attorney General to fight such forces. But common decency and justice demand that he show such courage.

WHEN the American colonists in 1776 set forth the record of tyranny against which they were rebelling, this was the first of their sixteen charges against King

George III: "He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good." That sentence from the Declaration of Independence

### Movie Czars Request An Act of Faith

could be applied with little change to a new tyranny that, in 1953, is trying to force the American people to abrogate censorship laws.

The purveyors of poison in print and on film have been emboldened by success. A few court decisions in their favor and some rather uninformed press comment have led them, apparently, into indiscretion. They are now frankly saying that their aim is to overthrow all legal control.

Even the highly respectable Motion Picture Association of America has openly joined the chorus. The MPAA, we may assume, is not out to flood the country with obscenity on film. It continues to voice its belief in self-regulation. Yet in his latest annual report as MPAA President, Eric Johnston wrote:

"We hope, through our own energies and the force of legal judgments, to pry the door of censorship all the way open and off its hinges. In America, arbitrary dictation of what motion pictures we may see or may not see is an infringement of personal liberty, an affront to the people of our country, and repugnant to the concepts of democracy."

Now this is exactly the reverse of the truth, no matter how little the motion picture producers or the publishers of dubious literature may like to hear it.

Let's go back again to the days when our form of democracy was being born. Surely, the concept of freedom was basic in the thinking of Thomas Jefferson and those who with him drafted and signed the Declaration of Independence. But freedom for whom? And for what and from what? History and the text leave no doubt. It was freedom for the American people that was sought. And it was freedom from the yoke of arbitrary rule, freedom to have a real voice in how their own affairs were to be ordered.

True, censorship restrains the "freedom" of the conscienceless dealers in indecency. It limits their freedom to tyrannize over the rest of us. It keeps them from forcing a money-making, immoral output on the market at the expense of us all and our welfare.

Is this undemocratic or an "affront to the people of our country," or is it the democratic way of preventing a genuinely criminal affront from being put over on us?

Remember the Boston Tea Party? Remember the rallying cry of the American War of Independence—"Taxation without representation is tyranny"? The colonists—self-respecting, upright Americans—were being victimized by, among other things, the unfair tea tax.

Today, self-respecting, upright Americans have in some places rebelled against almost precisely the same sort of



Adlai Stevenson, still acting like a candidate, returned from world tour to face Party problems. Stevenson said war danger is less, but this is no time to relax vigilance.

Wide World



Cardinal Feltrin of Paris releases friendship balloons after Pax Christi Congress in Altenberg, Germany. Congress discussed need for more Franco-German understanding.

Religious News



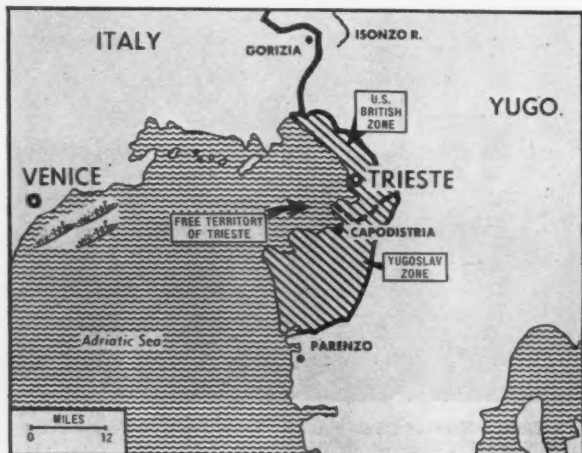
Elizabeth Stivison, clerk in Foreign Operations Administration, beat her boss, Harold Stassen, at his own aptitude tests for employees. Stassen took the tests "just for fun."

United Press



Hamilton Wright

Happy family strolls through Puerto Rican slum clearance project in San Juan. Part of island development program, apartments are assigned on basis of family needs.



United Press

Trieste tension mounted as Yugoslav-Italian enmity grew. U. S. helped confusion by telling Tito we had "open mind" on question, then assuring Italy our stand hadn't changed.



United Press

AFL Executive Council turned deaf ear to pleas of ILA dock union officials, led by Joseph P. Ryan, left, against expulsion. Founding of new dock union was rumored.

thing—unwholesome, commercially inspired schemes arbitrarily imposed by men or corporations in whose actions the people have no voice. The people have set up censorship to shake the tyranny, and the film and publishing industries cry that their freedom is thus interfered with.

The real cause for concern is not the film and book magnate's freedom. It is the fact that there's a large-scale drive on against our freedom. It is a drive to make us hold still while we and our children are flooded with indecency. This campaign is being foisted on us in the name of freedom, and it is about time someone called the bluff.

THERE is a man in Paris who wields a ghastly authority over half the citizens of the United States. He is Christian Dior. His influence has a hypnotic compulsiveness, and

### The Power of a Woman? Ask M. Dior

his mere "yes" or "no" sets the female mind to seething with discontent and turns it to the weird business of chucking brand new toggery out of the clothes press.

A resident of the romantic capital of the world, M. Dior has other preoccupations than affairs of the heart.

His eye carries beyond the amorous rhapsodies of Montmartre to smart, distant shops on Fifth Ave., New York, and Market St., San Francisco. His passion is fired by that luscious endowment of American womanhood, her pocket-book.

Dior is a dress designer. And dress designers, like milk men, prosper as the market consumes their product. But, after this brief bracketing, Dior pulls away from the milk man at the pace of real genius.

The milk man is a plodding reactionary, untouched by the spirit of invention and utterly devoid of cheek.

For instance, you leave a note for him in a bottle saying: "Don't need any this morning. We've got plenty." What does he do? Ring the bell, look patronizingly into your bleary eyes, and say: "But you've got *white* milk. They'll be drinking it *green* today"? No, he doesn't. He creeps timidly away from your door, like a starved dog cautiously investigating a strange back yard.

He doesn't even hedge tentatively and say with an apologetic smile: "Well, white will pass, but not *quarts*. Quarts will be shorter today. In fact, they'll be *fifths*."

That's what we mean. The milkman is a no-account who will never get anywhere. He doesn't know his own strength like M. Dior. Or maybe, ladies, he doesn't know your weakness like M. Dior.

You may have a wardrobe full of handsome drapery which suits you divinely and gladdens every masculine eye that gets within target range of you. But, says Dior, it's too long. It makes no difference that it's what Dior, himself, decreed a couple of years back. Now this capricious tyrant snaps: Shorten it a couple of inches.

And this brings us to the very interesting question: Who is going to win in this grim battle between the chicness and economy of 80,000,000 women, on one side, and the whim of M. Dior, on the other?

There isn't the faintest whiff or shadow of doubt, ladies. You will either junk the offending frock outright, or you will get out your sewing machine, some night after work, and obediently raise that hem.

And the moral of all this?

Knowing when M. Dior has us licked, we'd better settle for a very modest moral. The obvious one is out, of course. Namely, that 80,000,000 females should show M. Dior that they have a mind of their own. But, in an effort to salvage some attainable fruit from our meditation, the only moral we can safely suggest would run something like:

It doesn't pay to be a milk man.

*in Asia*

**The Committee for a Free Asia**  
has given a new and deeper  
meaning to the old slogan,  
"Asia for the Asians"

Apart from paying a singular tribute to the Committee for Free Asia—a mere infant of twenty-three months—the Chinese broadcast had considerable significance. It came only a few days after Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had told the Senate Foreign Relations



**Radio Free Asia's transmitters and Asian audience are shown on map. High static area near Ceylon prevents successful broadcasting there.**

Back in the early spring of 1951, a group of San Francisco businessmen, editors, bankers, teachers, and lawyers

**B**UT before that luncheon table was cleared, plans to set matters aright had begun to take shape. Within days the Committee for Free Asia was incorporated. Its founders included such men as Paul C. Smith, former editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*; J. D. Zellerbach, president of Crown-Zellerbach Corporation; T. S. Petersen, president of the Standard Oil Company of California; and Dr. J. E. Wallace Sterling, president of Stanford University. All agreed to chip in with as much of their own money as they could until regular sources of funds appeared. Not long after, the kitty was sweetened by a \$500,000 grant from the Crusade



for Freedom. Radio was the first propaganda medium decided upon—to be called *Radio Free Asia* and to be modeled somewhat after the highly successful *Radio Free Europe*.

"We had a couple of ideas," Wilbur said recently, "which probably distinguished us. We decided not to brag about American washing machines or lanolin face creams as proof that democracy is a good thing. We wanted no praise as do-gooders and we wanted to rekindle democracy as Asians knew it—for Asians."

This unorthodox modesty had almost immediate, unsuspected drawbacks.

"ONE of my jobs," says Kenneth MacDonald, Committee public relations officer, "was to find office space where we could set up shop. After a month's search I found just what we wanted and trotted around to talk to the owner of the building."

"I briefed him on our organization," MacDonald went on. "I gave him a list of our backers, mainly so he wouldn't worry about our paying the rent."

"The owner listened carefully. He wanted to know if the FBI knew what we were up to. When I told him we had the Government's full blessings, he wanted to know what kind of people we were going to hire."

"I told him they would be mostly Asians—Chinese, Malaysians, Japanese, and Indo-Chinese scholars, newspapermen, radio technicians, and economists."

"That clinched it!"

"If you think for one second," Mac-

**JOHN GERRITY** received his M.S. at Georgetown University's Foreign Service School. He has published articles in *Collier's*, *Reader's Digest*, *Harper's*, and other magazines.

Donald quoted the landlord, "that I'm going to rent my building to a bunch of Communists and fellow travelers, you're crazy. I'd rather burn the building."

Nevertheless, a few days later MacDonald found a more tractable landlord and went on to the even tougher job of finding suitable workers. To help solve the problem, the Committee persuaded John W. Elwood, former vice-president of NBC, to quit a brief retirement and to head up the radio section. Elwood brought in James Day, former manager of 118 local stations in Japan, as his deputy. Others like James L. Stewart, OWI's former chief of psychological warfare for China, signed up, as did John Grover, one of the Associated Press' brightest lights in the Far East. Royal V. Howard, whose technical radio skill once prompted the late President Roosevelt to say "he kept China in the war as our ally," came on as chief engineer.

And perhaps the most remarkable thing about the staff—apart from its professional skill—was that it agreed to work for wages about 20 per cent lower than the average paid to Voice of America employees.

Finally, after much organizational work and planning of format, on September 4, 1951—the day on which the Japanese peace treaty conference opened—San Francisco's Station KNBC was

filled with the soaring strains of Mahler's *Song of the Earth*. After three strokes on a bronze gong (the alert traditionally sounded by Chinese village elders), a pretty Chinese girl, in heavily brocaded robes, started speaking Mandarin into a microphone. Her words sped 6,000 miles across the Pacific to pierce the Bamboo Curtain surrounding Red China—and *Radio Free Asia* was on the air.

FROM an hour and a half a day, broadcasting time grew to five hours a day. Most programs were short-waved to Guam or to Manila, and from there to all of Asia. Very recently the Committee launched its final move in bringing its radio work to full maturity. Staffs were shifted to Manila, Tokyo, and Guam and broadcasting time extended to sixteen and a half hours—or a full broadcast day.

The day's first show goes on the air at 8:00 P.M., China Coast Time, in Cantonese, followed by the same program in Mandarin; twenty-three minutes of English news and comment, and another full program in the Hakka dialect.

Programs are written in audience languages; then translated into English—a procedure directly opposite to that of Voice of America—and with good reason. Besides the obvious one that Malaysians, for example, would be quick to detect foreign expressions, experience has shown that the most effective idea vehicles, especially in China, are satire and humor. To get a rise out of a Chinese, humor must be as earthy

Korean school children present scroll to Brayton Wilbur, chairman of CFA, in gratitude for gift of newsprint for printing textbooks



Chinese staff announcers beam program of factual news to Red China. Behind, in control booth is Paul Speagle, program manager for RFA



as possible; satire, subtle and not overburdened with too apparent sarcasm.

In the early days Elwood was fearful that the humor programs, called *Communist Bad Checks* and *Big Mouth and the Professor* were missing their mark, but one report, by way of Hong Kong, banished his fears.

A CFA commentator had lampooned a Chinese Army officers' party in Shanghai, described it as an orgy in a cheap night club, as anyone can see by walking by the site mentioned. . . .

The Communists were partly right—for in the three intervening days they had razed the club and had even removed traces of the rubble, just to prove the Americans liars.

Critics of radio, as a propaganda medium, claim it is seriously handicapped by a paucity of receivers. Elwood admits there are fewer receivers in Asia than in Europe, but insists that "our reception is far better than most suspect."

"In the first place," he points out, "China is the only nation in Asia actually behind the Bamboo Curtain. Others may be threatened, but most Asians can still hear our shows without being clapped into jail.

"In Indonesia, alone, there are 213,000 receivers—and we know from our own people that audiences often run as high as 500 persons for each set, most

of which are set up in public places."

Often ignored, Elwood also maintains, is the speed by which information travels by word of mouth.

"A test was run not long ago by John Galin, of *Radio Singapore*," Elwood said, "Two stories were given out in Singapore, one true, the other false. Twenty-four hours later both were repeated, almost verbatim, 400 miles west of Singapore in the Malayan peninsula."

Admittedly amateurs in the propaganda game, members of the CFA soon realized that radio was to be but one weapon in their arsenal. A partial report from one of the Committee's own agents on the spot in China explains why.

"ON January 1, 1953," staffer Howard Handleman reported, "almost thirty million people were enrolled in the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association.

"The Association publishes 74 periodicals and 580 other publications. It has 200 movie projectors working and 2,500 lantern slide groups.

"During last November 1,500 copies of Soviet films were flown to China; by November 18, four million people in eight major cities had seen the films, and 878 projection teams had toured the countryside showing the films to more than two million others.

"In three years," Handleman's report continued, "3,131 Russian books have been translated into Chinese and 13,500,000 copies of these translations sold."

Against such odds, CFA's fight takes on David and Goliath aspects—but at least they are fighting.

Almost without exception, the CFA has kept its identity hidden and has made it appear that the source of good in a particular country has been an agency indigenous to that country. For example, though it finances thirty local radio stations in Japan, most Japanese give credit to their own All-Japan Radio Institute. In the Philippines eleven large community centers are ostensibly supported by local organizations.

This doesn't mean that the CFA is covert, insidious, or superficially altruistic. It simply believes that freedom in Asia has a better chance of surviving if Asians believe that the desire for freedom is self-motivated.

Members of the CFA modestly say the secret of their success has been their freedom from Government restrictions. This is undoubtedly true to some extent. Equally important, certainly, has been the selflessness of their operations. No one could, or would, contest the wisdom of Asia for Asians, any more than they would contest the notion of America for Americans.

Democracy (or freedom, the theory it would exploit) is an extremely adjustable political shoe. Once it's fitted, its wearer can usually walk alone. Not alone in the sense of being out of step. Rather, alone, without the aid of a permanent crutch.


The Committee for Free Asia has never envisaged itself as a crutch.

*Japanese consul in San Francisco gets pointer on student art exhibit*



*Young California Filipino helps pack "Seeds for Democracy" which help Asians raise living standards*





Picket duty on field trips helps student organizers like Phyllis Mays learn real confidence and leadership.

## Young Labor Organizer

At the ILGWU Labor Institute, a young Catholic college graduate learns the ins and outs of labor organizing

Photographs by Jacques Lowe





Phyllis practices organizing speech on classmates at ILGWU Institute.



Instructor gives Phyllis tips on operation of basic industry machines.

"OPPORTUNITIES for careers in the labor union field are almost unlimited, if only social-minded young people will take the trouble to seek them out." The young woman speaking was Phyllis Mays, a blonde-haired, enthusiastic student at the International Ladies Garment Workers Union Training Institute in New York. Phyllis, who was graduated last June from Albertus Magnus College run by the Dominicans in New Haven, Conn., is typical of the



Institute offers courses in economics of industry, as well as labor theory and practice. Here, instructor shows how patterns are made



Arthur Elder, friendly director of the Institute, chats with students about organizing assignments in South and Southwest.



Lunchtime brings students a chance to "talk shop," discuss politics, swap ideas and experiences, and discuss plans for future.

young people at the ILGWU Institute who have chosen labor as a career and are happy with their choice.

If Phyllis and her fellow students are unusual for their choice of a career, the school they attend is even more exceptional. For it stands alone as the only full-time "college" offering extensive courses in union management run by an international union. Other union-run labor schools exist, but they are usually part-time projects for the education of workers who continue on their regular jobs while studying.

**W**HEN the ILGWU Institute was founded in 1950, it came as the answer to a problem that is still troubling labor unions across the nation. That problem is leadership, "trained leadership."

As David Dubinsky, ILGWU president, likes to point out: "Labor leadership is no longer a hit-or-miss avocation at which anyone with some qualifications can become a success. The feeling in the world of organized labor is growing ever stronger that, just as the young lawyer and doctor spend years of effort to attain a career, so should the young man or woman, anxious for a career in the trade union movement, be ready to sacrifice time and energy for the required preparation."

Age is an inflexible bookkeeper and it is already taking a heavy toll in old-time union leaders. Recent months have seen the passing of some of the most respected union leaders the American labor movement has had, men like Philip Murray and William Green. Who will take their places as they pass on and the places of the leaders who follow them?

Dubinsky explains the problem in terms of his own union: "The turnover of officers—organizers and administrators—and the need for a younger leader element are fast moving to the fore as organizational problems which our union could no longer ignore. It was out of this need that our Training Institute grew."

The Institute is a day-school offering a one-year course. Seven months of the year are devoted to actual classroom work and the remaining five months are set apart for field work, including actual labor organizing and work in local union offices throughout the country. Some seventy graduates of the school are already working in full-time positions in the ILGWU, and, when the present class is graduated, that number will jump to over a hundred.

Courses include both labor theory and practice. Labor law, economics for workers, the garment industry, the labor movement, problems in organizing, and similar subjects strengthen the student's



Visits to factories are part of organizing experience during field trip training. Here, Phyllis stops to chat with machine operator.



Coat finisher describes production of coat that will retail for \$150. Most of Phyllis' work, however, will be with women workers.

knowledge of theory. And a series of practical workshops in public speaking, writing, radio broadcasting, mimeographing, and audio-visual techniques provides the student with the skills needed by the union official on the job.

The school is tuition-free and a subsistence allowance covering travel, rent, and food is provided the student during his five months of field work. For students who have outside financial responsibilities scholarship help is available.

Graduates are assured of positions

with the ILGWU. Jobs are usually located in other parts of the country than New York, but assignments are made only after discussion with the student. Institute students from previous classes are already working in garment centers located in more than sixteen States.

To Phyllis and her fellow students at the Institute, this opportunity to serve the nation's working men and women in the labor movement presents a great challenge. The larger percentage of American workers are still unorganized, and in the South and Southwest, sec-



Phyllis introduces herself to prospective member on visit to home.



Explaining advantages of union membership to woman garment worker, Phyllis is careful to be friendly, tactful as well as enthusiastic.



Visit meets with success as new member signs card to join ILGWU as junior member of the family looks on cautiously.



Interest in politics is important for labor leaders. One of Phyllis' spare-time activities is signing petitions for political nominee.

tions where the garment industry is growing rapidly, poor conditions are still widespread and union organization has a long way to go.

As a Catholic, Phyllis also sees her new career as a way to work for wider acceptance of Catholic social teaching on the rights of the workingman to a decent wage, good working conditions, and a decent home for his family.

"We do a lot of talking about the papal encyclicals on labor," she says. "This is my opportunity to do something about them as well."

October, 1953





# He Bats for Little League

Despite professional critics, this Long Island priest finds that baseball helps boys learn fair play

by ARTHUR MULLIGAN

IF a man in Cedarhurst, L. I., walked down the main street a year ago, chances were he'd meet one person he knew. Today, he'd meet a hundred—and it has nothing to do with population increase.

The conversation on each occasion might start out like this—"H'yah. Joe, how's the boy?" A year ago the question would mean, "How are you?" Today, however, the greeting could mean only one thing—"How's your son and how is he coming along in baseball?"

This new interpretation of a standard colloquialism results from the recent invasion of Little League baseball into Cedarhurst and its neighboring communities of Woodmere and Lawrence, in the same way that it has swept into thousands of other villages and towns throughout the land.

Hundreds of thousands of men from all walks of life, a few of them former major or minor leaguers but most of them one-time would-be ball players, have decided to see to it that Junior gets a better break than his Dad got. Business executives, doctors, lawyers, pants pressers, bootblacks—all have taken leading parts in Little League organizations. And now a Catholic priest has become the president of a Little League.

When the good parents of Cedarhurst, united with those of Lawrence and Woodmere, were shopping around for a president for their new league, they

didn't have far to look. It was only natural that they choose the man who instituted the organization in the Three Villages. They unanimously picked Rev. James F. Lawlor, assistant pastor of St. Joachim's Catholic Church in Cedarhurst.

It was last winter that Father Lawlor first conceived the idea of Little League baseball for his town. In February he called a meeting of the parents of boys eight to twelve and anyone else interested. About seventy persons showed up in St. Joachim's school hall. Bob Stirrat, Long Island Little League director, was there to address them and a movie was shown of the 1952 Little World Series in Williamsport, Pa.

"The response was tremendous," Father Lawlor said. "In no time at all we had enough lads enrolled for the formation of a major league and a minor league, with four teams in each."

Altogether, 217 boys registered and 217 played ball during the summer. No one was turned down; a place was found for every youngster on one of the eight teams. The Central Little League, as the organization was named, even has

its own newspaper, the *Central Little Leaguer*, which is published once a month the year round.

Much of the program's success was due to the personal popularity of 42-year-old Father Lawlor. As Abraham Katz, manager of one of the major league teams and editor of the *Central Little Leaguer*, put it, "Every place Father goes there's a string of kids running after him. They automatically flock to him. That's something you can't buy and can't learn. It's automatic; you have it or you don't have it."

According to Father Lawlor, village officials have noted a marked drop in petty vandalism, breakage, and juvenile mischief among the younger element this summer. "We never had any tremendous amount of crime here, just petty things, like breaking street lights. But the children seem to have taken on a new sense of responsibility now that at least part of their leisure time is turned to constructive play," Father Lawlor said. He is making plans now for year-round activities along the lines of Little League.

But the finest thing that Little League



Little League has made close comrades of Father Lawlor and his boys

has done for the community, Father Lawlor believes, is the way it brought the adults together. "A year ago, hardly anybody knew anyone else," he said. "I know of no other activity that does so much for the boys and so quickly unites parents from all social and economic strata. Here, persons of divergent interests find a common basis for friendship, working together for the benefit of their children."

"We have children who go to the parochial school, three public schools, and different churches and temples in our three villages. Ordinarily their paths might never have crossed. This was actually a dull town, with people walking past each other on the street without saying hello. Now everybody knows everybody else."

**I**N at least one respect, Cedarhurst must stand by itself. That's when it comes to umpires. Traditionally, everybody wants to kill the umpire, and naturally no one likes to get killed. In many places it is very difficult to get efficient arbiters who are willing to stick out their necks. But apparently not in the Central Little League.

"That's one problem we don't have," the priest declared. "Not one evening all season have we failed to have three umpires on the job. And the umpiring has been excellent. John Mollo, our Umpire-in-Chief, has selected a fine staff to help him out. There have been very few squawks."

The youngsters use the village field, on a scaled-down, well-kept diamond in a large park directly across the street from the Cedarhurst station of the Long Island Railroad. Youngsters and adults alike, with a big boost from the park maintenance men, saw to it that the field was in the best shape in years for opening day. The village itself donated \$500 for a concrete-embedded wire backstop.

One of the problems Father Lawlor does have to face is the summer camping exodus. "Sixty per cent of our boys go to camp sometime during the summer, many of them for the whole summer," he said. "We had to work out a minor league option setup so we could replace the big leaguers who went away."

"But even this had its blessing," he continued, "because it gives the minor league players a chance to play in the big leagues where they pick up valuable experience in faster company."

Like many another baseball bigwig, Father Lawlor is building for the future. Pointing for subsequent years, he did not enter an All-Star team in the Little League national tournament this season. He may next year, if he can solve the camping problem.

"Tournament or no tournament, we are having lots of fun through the Little

League here in town," he said. "We are living up to the Little League principles of teaching friendship and fair play."

Father Lawlor said he did not wish to be drawn into the controversy which has sprung from the recent criticism of Little League by certain factions. "That will be answered elsewhere," he stated. "But boys will play baseball anyway, and it is better for them to be learning to play it right, under organized supervision, than on their own. In order to avoid the difficulties that Little League might lead to if it's not carefully supervised, your community must continually examine its conscience in view of the aim and goal of fair play."

Father Lawlor, who played varsity baseball (left field) and basketball (forward) at Cathedral College in Brooklyn not so many years ago, made a name for himself in Long Island sports circles when he coached St. Joachim's excellent basketball teams for several seasons.

The slightly graying priest also plays golf but, like another, more famous golfer, he doesn't talk much about his scores. An enthusiastic bowler, he is moderator of the Rockaway Peninsula Bowling League, a league composed of twenty-four Catholic men's teams which compete under CYO sponsorship from Broad Channel, Queens, to Valley Stream.

But no doubt his greatest achievement, and he will discourse for hours on the subject, was the establishment, in 1947, of Catholic Youth Day for Nassau and Suffolk Counties. Held annually on Columbus Day, at St. Joseph's Academy

in Brentwood, L. I., the program is in the nature of a combined outing and one-day retreat for adolescent boys and girls and young adults.

"Any worthwhile youth program must take care of the spiritual as well as the physical well-being of the child," Father Lawlor explained. "Within the church, the theory of youth work is different from what it is outside. That is why we set aside this one day a year for the young people to examine themselves spiritually."

"We chose a day which would be one of the most positive and inspiring and as near the opening of the new school term as possible—a day that was as much a part of Catholic life as the themes we chose for meditation each year."

Father Lawlor was born in Brooklyn. After studying at Cathedral College, he attended Immaculate Conception Seminary in Huntington, L. I. He was ordained on June 15, 1935. He served for three years at St. Thomas the Apostle in West Hempstead, L. I., before being assigned to St. Joachim's, where he has since remained as assistant to the pastor, Rev. Francis P. Flanagan.

The children of Cedarhurst, Woodmere, and Lawrence, and the Catholic young people of Long Island are indeed fortunate in having a man of Father Lawlor's vigor and enthusiasm looking after their physical and spiritual welfare. But as Father Lawlor puts it: "Can we do less than this for those who are so precious to us—our youths, who someday will take their place in society and pass along the things we give them?"



*Besides holding the unique position of priest-president of Long Island's Central Little League, Father Lawlor finds time to act as spectator as well*

# Pere Martin's Navy

For e  
came

*It was a close and fierce  
battle while it lasted*

Octob

W. R.



by **MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR**

**For centuries, Paak Shui had lived in constant dread of sea pirates. Then Pere Martin came and started his navy—such a navy as had never been seen since time began**

**P**ERE Martin came to the fishing village of Paak Shui a good many years ago, coming down to it from the mountains which rose in a ragged semi-circle behind it. Paak Shui was not his first assignment in China, but, as he paused in the mountain pass and looked down at the village, he wondered if it would not be his favorite one. He was pleased at what he saw. For Père Martin was a Breton, and here was a village similar to the one he had been born and raised in. There were boats in the broad bay, large, three-masted, deep-sea fishing junks and smaller, purse-seining craft. Nets, spread out to dry, cobwebbed the strip of sandy beach and the rocks edging the bay. He knew that the streets of the village would be pungent with the smell of fish and that the people would be not unlike the hard-handed, silent, and deliberate fisherfolk of his native French village.

The wind from the South China Sea tugged at his long, black soutane. He lightheartedly shouldered his knapsack and began to pick his way down the mountainside. He followed the Tong River as it plunged precipitously down to a few narrow rice fields, through which it wandered slowly and dirtily before emptying into the sea in the middle of Paak Shui Village. Above the tidewater mark there was a shallow pool where the children cavorted naked during the hot summer months, some later to die of typhoid, for which their parents blamed an evil spirit. The Catholic Mission faced this pool, its front gate reached by a muddy path along the river's edge.

Père Martin was immediately at home. He set the mission in order. He met and counted up his Christians—sixty adults with innumerable progeny—and walked the streets and alleys daily, making friends with all. His face was a pleasant one, round and dimpled, with small dark eyes which could twinkle, and often did. He spoke the language as he did French, rapidly and with his arms. The people liked him, and he liked them.

But there was an unhappiness in the village, and he uncovered it the morning after he arrived. It was one of those exceptionally clear and cloudless days which bless the China coast in late summer. The priest strode cheerfully across the sun-flooded mission courtyard and through the gate which the old gatekeeper creaked open for him. The old man's face and manner did not match the weather, and the priest stopped. "What ails you, old one? Does not the good hot sun warm your bones this beautiful morning?"

The gate-keeper shook his head. "It is the good weather . . . it is too good. With this weather will come the pirates, and then you will not rejoice in the clear skies!"

Thus Père Martin learned of the fear which permeated the village. He did not have to wait long before experiencing it personally. He had arrived in August, and in September the pirates paid one of their periodic visits to Paak Shui. They came suddenly, at dawn, sweeping into the bay in their fleet junks, firing their cannon and rifles at the defenseless village. The first cannon-shell crashed into the fish-storage building, setting it afire. Another screamed down Clean Water Street, leaving three mutilated bodies in its wake. Then the pirates swarmed ashore. Frightened cries and screams came from all parts of the village as the evil men of the sea ran through the streets, plundering the houses, slashing with their knives, chasing terrified women into the dark upper stories.

The gate-keeper had barred the mission gate, but he was unable to stop Père Martin from going out.

"Open the gate, Ah Chong!" the priest cried. "I must go out. Perhaps I can help."

"You cannot help," said the old man. "You will be killed by those robbers of the sea!" He put his thin shoulders against the gate, but the priest pushed him aside and went out. Why he was not killed is still a source of wonder in Paak Shui. Perhaps his huge figure, clad in the flapping black robe, dismayed the pirates. He even fought desperately with one bearded and ragged brigand who was carrying off the second daughter of To Faat the Wine Merchant and rescued her at the cost of a slashed shoulder. He was finally clubbed senseless by one of the pirates and left lying in the gutter of Sin Chun Alley.

**W**HEN he awoke and lifted himself painfully to his feet the pirates were gone and the villagers were sorrowfully assessing the damage. Man Kim Tun, the Boat Builder, was lying disemboweled on the beach. Red-hot cannonballs had crashed into two houses in addition to the fish storage shed, and all three were smoking ruins. The Wine Merchant was dead and, although his daughter was safe, three other young girls had been carried off. The priest limped through the village surveying the carnage. Finally he shook his head violently and returned slowly to the

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM J. RUTHERFOORD

mission where Ah Chong greeted him as one resurrected from the dead.

Three nights later Père Martin called a meeting of the village. The schoolroom was filled with the leaders of Paak Shui. Old Fung Pan was there, the village ancient, his stringy beard almost touching his knees. Kwong the Elder, who owned four fishing junks, and his sons. Chan Kwok, Père Martin's head catechist. Mai Kwong Shue, the operator of the water-taxis across the inlet. And Mary Po Lau, the village's only woman fisherman. The schoolteacher was there, and all the merchants, and all the fishing junk owners. They were all talking excitedly in the smoke-filled room when the priest entered. He stepped onto the teacher's platform, and they sat on the small benches, as many as were able, the overflow squatting against the walls.

Silence fell. "I have asked you to come here," Père Martin began, "whether you go to the Lord of Heaven's Church or not. It is necessary that we do something to defend our village against the pirates!"

Kwong the Elder rose, his leathery, weather-beaten face solemn and serious. "But, Spiritual Father, the pirates have always come. There is nothing we can do: what heaven has ordained man cannot oppose." He looked searchingly around the room. Without education save that which the sea gives, he was nevertheless the acknowledged leader of the village. "If we oppose the pirates," he continued, "they will come and utterly destroy our village. A rat who gnaws at a cat's tail invites destruction!"

OLD Fung Pan stroked his beard and murmured agreement. "It is the evil fate of our village. Man's life is like a candle in the wind, or like frost upon the tiles."

"But we *must* do something!" replied Père Martin. "And we can! I can teach you how to stop the pirates from invading your village, killing and plundering and taking your women off into slavery!" His deep voice reverberated from the mud-brick walls. "I was in the Low Country Navy, and I can show you how to fight the pirates on their own ground—the seas. I am a man of peace, yes, and I preach a message of peace—but we cannot have peace while these pirates continue to attack Paak Shui Village. . . ."

Hours went by and the smoke became thick and acrid in the small schoolroom. One by one the village elders rose, bowed politely to the crowd, and said what they thought. Gnarled old fishermen, their tattered clothes smelling of the sea, said yes or no to the priest's proposal. Even Mary Po Lau got up



*He even fought with a bearded brigand*

and spoke, although she was only a woman, and the group listened carefully, because she owned two junks and well knew how to fish. But it was the words of Man Man Leong, the slender, eager-eyed son of the Boat Builder, which decided the meeting.

"I am but a youth," he said slowly and carefully—never before had he spoken before his elders, "but my father has just been carried to the mountains and laid under a mound. He built your boats and built them well. The pirates who killed him will come again and again to kill and steal. They know we are without defenses." His clear young voice grew harsh. "I say let us work with the Spiritual Father to defend our village! If we fail . . . if we fail it is better to die than to live with fear eating us. Let us try, anyhow! As the old books tell us, 'Strike a flint and you may get fire; don't strike it and not even smoke will come.'"

Looking at the young man speaking, Père Martin's mind wandered out of the schoolroom, out of China, and back to France. When he was the age of Man Man Leong, he reflected, he certainly was not thinking of China or the priesthood or of a crowded room where fearful fishermen were engaged in the age-old debate between progress and conservatism. . . . No, then he was solely interested in preparing for the entrance exams of L'Ecole Navale at Brest, the French Naval Academy. His mind slipped along a few years and he thought briefly of the bitterly cold nights when he commanded the destroyer *Boutefeu*, hunting U-boats in the North Sea. He was Capitaine de Corvette Martin then—graduation from the Academy in 1914 had brought quick promotion. He shivered at the thought of those patrols . . . but they had given him time to think; and he had

thought thoughts which had brought him to the theological seminary . . . and to China. He wondered if he could really help these people to defend their village. True, he had the knowledge and the experience. But this was China and these were unlettered fishermen. . . .

His reverie was broken by Kwong the Elder's words, ". . . then we agree to try to defend Paak Shui against the pirate raids? Let us work together then, all of us sharing in what must be done: 'heaped-up earth becomes a mountain; accumulated water becomes a river.'"

AND that was how it came about that Père Martin started his Navy, such a Navy as had never been seen. Immediately Père Martin faced difficulties which the textbooks at L'Ecole Navale had never considered. There were plenty of boats, true—junks as large as those of the pirates—but their skippers and crews were fishermen, traditionally independent and unused to discipline. Every junk had a cannon or two. They were of all sizes and kinds. All were muzzle-loaders, and to Père Martin's question about their firing qualities, Kwong the Elder shrugged. "No one has the bravery to fire them, Spiritual Father. Our fathers had them, and their fathers before them." The old man went on to explain that the traditional, although untried, manner of firing them was to pour blasting powder down the barrel and add a sausage-like bag of scrap metal.

"Like grapeshot," said the priest.

"What?" asked Kwong.

"Nothing." The priest gazed out over the sunlit bay with its white-capped waves. "There is much work to be done, old one. A great deal of work."

The day the guns were ready everyone in the village helped to drag or pull them to the waterfront. Père Martin had already selected the junks for his fleet. The new Tin Teng junk, just finished by Man Kim Tun, was named flagship under the command of his son, Man Man Leong. Sixty feet long, and twenty in beam, it easily accommodated the five cannons which were hoisted into it. Five also went into the largest junk of Kwong the Elder, under his oldest son. It, too, was of the Tiu Teng style. The remaining four junks were all Chiu Chaus, banana-shaped craft, fifty feet long but narrow—Mary Po Lau's old boat got four guns, as did another of Kwong's, under his second son. The last two mounted three guns each.

"Only six armed junks?" Père Martin was asked as the glistening cannon were swung aboard.

"More would be too many to handle," he answered, his arms straining on the hoisting ropes. He looked around at

the cheerful crowd assisting him. "Now," he cried, "the really hard work will begin—the training!"

Every other afternoon from then on, when the junks were in from their overnight trips to the fishing grounds, Père Martin held gun drill for the young men. He was unyielding in his demands for perfection. Hundreds of times each gun had to be loaded, trained, "fired," unloaded, squabbled, cleaned, loaded again. Over and over he drilled the gun crews until they were sure-handed and lightning quick. After dark he called the skippers of the junks into the schoolroom, where he drew maneuvers on the blackboard. Signals had to be mastered, and damage control. He taught them things about ship handling which they, experienced fishermen though they were, had never dreamed of. He taught them to sail in formation and to turn as a unit. He taught them how to come alongside another ship to board it . . . and how to so handle their own junks that they couldn't be boarded.

Months passed, and it was a time of feasting and visiting and making merry . . . until the last day of the celebration, when the pirates came again. Despite all the careful plans of Père Martin to protect the village, one precaution had been forgotten, the need for a watch day and night. This time the pirates came at night! It was a cold night and almost everyone was indoors. In the church a large crowd was listening to the catechist; Père Martin dozed over his breviary in the last pew, lulled by the body-warmed church.

Suddenly the smallest son of Mary Po Lau burst into the church. His voice was shrill: "The pirates! They are in the bay!"

OUT in the bay four dark shapes could be distinguished, moving slowly in to shore. Père Martin gave his orders quickly to the men around him. "Do not take your ships out into the bay. It is too late. We'll have to fight them from shore!" He whirled around to the master of one of the smaller, three gun junks. "Ah Ming, sail your junk into the river—it's high tide—and turn it broadside so that all your guns face directly downstream. Man Man Leong, have your three in-shore guns taken off your ship, and mount them on this point. Load them with grapeshot! Kwong, you do the same across the river!"

His usually musical Chinese grew loud and hoarse. "Listen, all of you! Do not fire until you have a good target. Wait until the pirates are within twenty yards. Then use ball at first, grape in close. Now get to your ships!"

Kwong the Elder was standing nearby. He was obviously anxious. "Can we re-

pel them, Spiritual Father? Do our men have time to get ready?"

"I do not know," replied the priest. "Do you not have a saying that 'From the roof of a house a melon may roll either of two ways?' But I think so . . . I pray so . . ."

"And you, will you not go aboard the principal junk?"

Père Martin shook his head. "No, venerable one. I am a man of peace. I cannot kill. It is perhaps evil for me to teach the people of Paak Shui how to kill. No, I will remain here, to pray. For those who fight . . . and for those they fight against . . ."

It was a close and fierce little battle while it lasted. Four pirate junks slowly emerged from the darkness, their masts barely visible, their dark hulls mere shapes. From the leading one there came a roaring flash, and a cannonball thudded into the stone embankment. Another shot whistled into the town itself, and there came a single scream, loud but quickly cut off. The pirate junks came closer, the bloodcurdling yells of their crews coming clearly across the black water. Rifle bullets whined overhead. The pirates fired two more cannon shots as they moved in. But they fired no more that night, because then Père Martin's Navy went into action. From the small semicircle of ships tied to the wharf the guns roared, lighting up the night with their muzzle flashes.

As the pirate junks slid closer on their momentum, the cannon on shore, charged heavily with loads of scrap metal, opened fire. The gunners on the tied-up ships also changed to grape. That was the final straw for the pirates. They turned their junks out into the bay. But not soon enough, because fire roared up the rigging of one of them, and in a moment it was a blazing torch, lighting up the waterfront, the exultant powder-streaked faces of Père Martin's gun crews and sailors, and the three pirate ships which had turned tail.



*From each mainmast snapped a flag*

The pirate ship blazed mightily. Soon all the villagers were at the waterfront, watching the burning hulk, their faces reddened by the glare. Père Martin looked at them and their pleasure, and sighed. "It is not good that we must kill," he said to Kwong the Elder. "We must not rejoice in the death of others, pirates though they be."

BUT the following day he was all action. He called the personnel of his Navy together and showed them the errors they had made. "I, too, have been at fault, my people," he added. "I did not think of an attack at night. Nor of a system by which we may be warned." So he relieved one of the smaller junks of its cannon, which were mounted in strategic spots along the waterfront. And he organized the small boys of the village into a warning corps, two of them to stand watch, day and night, on the headland south of the bay.

Confident of their new security, the people of Paak Shui gradually lost their fear of pirate attacks. The junks stood out to sea every day and brought back their heavy loads of garoupa, sea bream and snappers, which were cured in the strong-smelling curing houses, and then laboriously carried over the mountains for sale in the interior. The children went to school, and the people ate and drank and slept. Life was peaceful for them. Père Martin was not so confident. He felt that the pirates would return, perhaps in force, to avenge the defeat they had suffered. He was almost as troubled by the overconfidence of the villagers now as he had been by their fearfulness before.

So he forced his reluctant Navy to continue its training and insisted that the small boys continue their guard watch on the headland.

In May his Bishop sent for him. While he packed his knapsack and climbed over the mountains he wondered what the Bishop would say about his formation of a fighting force to defend Paak Shui. He didn't have long to wonder when he arrived, two days later, at the Bishop's Residence. The old man had a big shaggy head of white hair and a beard to match. He shook the former kindly at Père Martin. "What is this I hear about you, Père Martin? That you have armed and trained the people of Paak Shui to fight . . . on the seas?" The old man looked keenly at Père Martin.

"Only to repel the pirates who come to attack the village, Your Excellency, so that my people may live their lives in peace. Perhaps—I feel the thought is not blasphemous—in that way they will see the goodness of our God. Others of your priests help their people in dif-



ferent ways. Père Malebranche in Koo Chow runs a co-operative. Over in Four Trees Village, Père La Bruyère has a rice bank, and Waldteufel has another in Chuk Shan. Down in the American mission I hear one of their men opened a porcelain factory. I try to help my people at Paak Shui by teaching them how to defeat the pirates who threaten their lives and their happiness." He took a deep breath; he had been talking too fast. But he added, just as quickly, "Do you not approve, Monsignor?"

While Père Martin had been speaking, the Bishop was busy filling his two-foot-long Chinese pipe. Now he tamped the tobacco into the tiny bowl, and lit it. He looked across the flame at the priest, his eyes not unkind. "I do not know, my son. People have a right to defend their lives, that is true. And if you bring them to God by teaching them how to do that . . . well, God draws people in many ways, perhaps even in this strange way of yours."

AS PERE Martin returned home, coming down the twisting mountain path, he could see unusual activity in the village, and he hastened his steps. Ah Chong, more of a prophet of doom than ordinarily, met him excitedly outside the mission gate. "Again the pirates come, Spiritual Father! Many of them this time." He wrung his hands. "Now they will destroy the village and kill us all!"

The priest brushed past the distracted gate-keeper and hurried to the wharf. Most of the villagers were there, looking anxiously out into the bay which was still empty, and gabbling together. But the five junks of the Navy were busy with organized activity. Sails were being run up, fires were being flung overboard, guns were being readied.

"Seven pirate craft are just outside the bay, Spiritual Father!" shouted Man Man Leong across the bustle.

"Out and meet them!" the priest shouted back. "You know what to do."

The young man pushed through the crowd to the priest's side. "You are coming out to guide us, are you not?" he asked.

Père Martin shook his head, as he had the night before the last fight. "No, No," he replied. "Fighting is not for me. I will watch from the mountain north of the bay. Now go quickly!"

Followed by a group of children and some of the elders of the village, Père Martin made his way to the headland enclosing the bay on the north. They climbed up the steep hillside, past huge gray boulders. When they reached the top and looked south, the bay was spread out beneath them. Opposite, two miles away, was the southern headland. Between was the blue water of the

bay, ploughed into furrows by a spanking northerly breeze. To the east was the village, with the late afternoon sun hanging hot over it. It looked forlorn and empty and defenseless. Then out from the village wharf sailed the five junks of Père Martin's Navy. Leaving shelter in a tidy line, the ships heeled sharply to starboard as they met the wind and drove close-hauled to it. From the mainmast of each snapped a blue-and-white flag bearing the character for happiness. The flags were Père Martin's idea, but when he had given the design to Mary Po Lau, she had asked, "Why not a cross, Spiritual Father?"

He had hesitated a moment, then answered. "The Crusaders fought under a cross, yes. But we are simple folks defending the happiness of our village. Make the flags this way, Mary." And she had taken the design into her fat, rough hands, and she and her daughters had made the flags.

Now the pirate junks could be seen entering the bay, just beyond the point of the southern headland. The first four followed each other in a ragged line, while the remaining three were almost abreast. They were big, all of them.

The Paak Shui junks now changed course a little more to the north. This was in accordance with the priest's instructions. "Make the pirates think you are trying to escape," he had said. As the priest had guessed, the pirates now changed course also, in an effort to intercept.

Down below on the bay, Man Man Leong shouted and the gun crews took their positions. The slow matches were burning, the guns loaded. Man waited a moment, then brought down his arm. The guns roared, hurling their cannonballs down the length of the leading

pirate vessel. The junk of Mary Po Lau also delivered its full starboard broadside into the same pirate junk.

Père Martin danced with excitement. He turned to Kwong the Elder and shouted in staccato French, "They're 'crossing the T'!! They're 'crossing the T'!! . . ." The old Chinese looked at the priest in bewilderment. But he wouldn't have understood even if Père Martin had spoken in Chinese.

But that was what the little Navy of Paak Shui was doing, executing that classic, devastating naval maneuver which has not been successfully done five times in modern naval history. Père Martin's five junks were the top bar of the "T," and as each Paak Shui junk passed the head of the vertical bar which was the pirates, they were able to concentrate the full broadside fire of two or three junks against the fire of just one pirate vessel.

The broadsides of Man Man Leong's and Mary Po Lau's ships hammered the Yeong Kong junk into a helpless, dismantled hulk, its sails dragging over the side. The two junks commanded by Kwong the Elder's sons poured their fire into the second pirate vessel.

From the hill where Père Martin and the others watched, the gun flashes were barely visible and the powder smoke mere puff-balls. But the battle was clearly to be seen. They saw more signals snap to the masthead of Man's junk, and the priest's Navy turned smartly to starboard and went parallel down the windward side of the line of pirate junks. Bags of grapeshot were ramrodded down the hot barrels of the guns, and soon chips of scrap metal whined murderously across the pirate decks. The watchers on the hill saw the third pirate junk explode, and the fifth and sixth crash and lock together. The remaining two pirate craft resisted fiercely for a while. Kwong the Elder had to suffer silently when he saw the mainmast of one of his junks crash down, crushing two Paak Shui men beneath. Someone fell limply over the side of Mary Po Lau's ship, and all of the priest's junks had one or more hands lying on deck, either dead or wounded.

THE priest no longer exulted in the maneuvering of his Navy. He had no longer a desire to watch as the Paak Shui junks poured broadside upon broadside into the hapless pirate ships, flooding their decks with blood and parts of bodies and screaming wounded. He sighed deeply and turned and went down the hill, past the gray boulders, through the empty streets to the mission. It is said that he did penance for days afterward. But the pirates never again came to Paak Shui. At least not while Père Martin was there.



### One Less

► A garrulous golfer had ruined every stroke his companion tried to make. Finally, his own golf ball landed in a trap.

"The traps on this course are darned annoying," he complained to his friend, who at the moment was trying to putt.

"They sure are," agreed the other. "Would you please shut yours?"

—Chris Hall

# Giant Goes to God . . .

He was John Bull, Doctor Johnson, Don Quixote rolled into a single, great soul. He broke many swords defending the Faith. He loved laughter, and the love of friends, and God. He lives in a great name—Belloc

by **ANDREW BOYLE**

*Photos from Harris & Ewing & Wide World*



IT was a cheerless, rainy day when we met for the first and last time just a short while ago. Mr. Hilaire Belloc was alone in the long, low, fourteenth-century farmhouse, seated in the big armchair by his study fire. He told me in a quiet, quavering old man's voice that the front door was locked and that he would rather not open it. So we conversed briefly through the window of that room where, in a half century of prodigious mental activity, he had planned and written more than a hundred of his books.

For over ten years, ever since the death of his sailor-son Peter during the darkest phase of the Second World War, this giant of English letters had been living in eclipse. The name *Belloc* was still a legend, conjuring up a thousand and one memories of a writer of astounding versatility; of a fearless "character" who was John Bull, Dr. Johnson, and Don Quixote rolled into a single, great soul; of a latter-day champion of Christendom who, with his fellow crusaders Chesterton, Baring, and Bentley, had broken many a sword in stout

defense of their unfashionable ideals. But the man Belloc, the living person, had already vanished from the public scene. It had been truly said that the majority of his compatriots thought of him as already dead, though already sure of his place among the immortals.

Thoughts like those played across my mind as I watched him struggle unsteadily to his feet and come to the window. He was self-possessed enough and calm. The sudden stroke which struck him down a decade before had ravaged that brilliant, alert mind; but gradually, especially toward the close of his days, he regained a little of the old consuming interest in his surroundings. "My health?" he echoed. "Oh, I am well enough." He was still able to read slowly, but it tired him. "And I'm still able to move about a bit, as you see. Not nearly enough as I would like," he added with the ghost of a smile.

Had I been a man who did not share his Faith, I might have falsely detected an overtone of pathos and frustration in his voice. The sight of that wasting old man's frame would perhaps have sent me away in a rhapsodic mood of despair at the relentless workings of

Time and Fate. As it was, I left him strangely glad that I had turned out of the Sussex highroad and followed the lane which led to the tiny village of Shipley. I had arrived near the end of the last act of the many-sided drama of Belloc's full and satisfying life.

Looking into the lifeless blue eyes, which had once flashed fire as he prepared at a moment's notice to flatten an adversary or uplift a friend, I remembered the lines he had written prophetically in his prime:

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"A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend;  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend?"

It was a dark prophecy, disproved by my presence there and by the unseen bonds of affection and admiration which linked me and tens of thousands more of our generation to this giant of many-sided genius. His writings had helped form our minds. His fierce denunciation of the inhuman evils implicit in England's evolving social system, his bold reinterpretation of modern English history from the Reformation onward, and his lifelong defense of the Church and of Catholic values in the hope that "the Faith will recover its intimate and guiding place in the heart of Europe"—these single-handed Bellocian blows had succeeded in reshaping the outlook of Catholics and of many others, too. It was not necessary to meet the man whose cultural and spiritual influence was so profound. But to have met him as a passing pilgrim was indeed a benediction.

A FEW days after our encounter, Hilaire Belloc had a fatal fall in that very study where he had spoken to me. His hands clutched the bars of the grate in the fireplace, spilling live coals and setting fire to his clothes. When his married daughter found him, he said, "Darling, I need help." They took him to a hospital, badly burnt but seemingly in no great pain. He died quietly four days later.

I think he must have nudged St. Peter with wry humor as the echoes of fulsome panegyrics floated up from the world's press into some annex of heaven. Belloc more than once poured his splendid Rabelaisian scorn on those who seek posthumous fame. He did not have to seek it. Willy-nilly he had won it in every field of literature penetrated by his incisive pen: as poet and pamphleteer, as essayist and historian, as biographer and traveler, as sociologist and even as novelist, though his novels lacked form.

The two factors which made Belloc unique both as a person and a writer were his rigidly logical French mind and his real appreciation, as a militant Catholic Englishman-by-adoption, of the basic things that had once made his adopted land great. He was born at St. Cloud, near Paris, in 1870, the year the French capital was occupied by Prussia after the catastrophic collapse of the "grande armée." After his father's death, his English mother brought him back to England, where

he was educated, under Cardinal Newman, at the Oratory School, Birmingham. But he returned to France, determined to do the military service which is the duty of every young Frenchman. Rather reluctantly, the authorities consented to enlist him in the Eighth Field Artillery Regiment, an experience which he would look back on all his life with pride and gratitude.

He went up to Oxford where, as a "Balliol man," his rare brilliance and enormous gusto for conversation and debate made him a phenomenon. The picture of that stocky, erect young man, with the icy blue gaze, the booming



**Hilaire Belloc. He showed a rare brilliance, a gusto for conversation, an irreverent attitude to Oxford beliefs**

voice ready to dissolve into deafening laughter, the square chin, and the uncompromising views on existence and its meaning, is vividly remembered by the handful of contemporaries who have survived him. The University authorities did not like his irreverent attitude to some of their sacred certainties.

He was a young man of twenty-six when he visited the United States. He was taking a spell away from lecturing, tutoring, and writing the earliest of that satirical light verse which is best exemplified in *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. In California he met the girl who became his wife, and Miss Elodie Hogan returned to England with him as Mrs. Hilaire Belloc. Not until he was thirty-three, in 1903, did he become a British subject—the year after he brought out the book which would have guaranteed him lasting renown if he had never written another line: *The*

*Path to Rome*. His married life was serenely happy, but comparatively short. His wife died in 1914, leaving him to care for their five children—two daughters and three sons. Her death was a source of lasting sorrow, deepened by the double loss soon afterward of his eldest boy.

Belloc's biographical study of the French revolutionary leader Danton, in 1899, was an auspicious opening to his career as a historian. He loved to paint larger-than-life portraits of men and women who had contributed to the making of great events; and the reading public quickly learned to relish his clear, Gallic style and his definite judgments, even while they often disagreed violently with his controversial premises and conclusions. His Richelieu, Napoleon, and Marie Antoinette forced the pedantic and the erudite to re-read their history.

WHEN he embarked on the period of England's development during the reigns of the Tudor monarchs and dissected the personalities and characters of men like Cranmer, his adversaries were in full cry. He was accused again and again of being partisan and bigoted. The experts found him dogmatic and overbearing. They also alleged, occasionally with reason, that he had not bothered to go back, as any self-respecting historian should, to first sources; and that his brilliant work was marred by avoidable inaccuracies of detail no less than by a tendency to prove too much.

I think that Belloc's most massive contribution to modern Catholic thought—greater even than his social and political observations in small masterpieces like *The Servile State* and *The Restoration of Property*—lay in his four-volume *History of England*. This, with the easier companion-book *A Shorter History of England*, has enabled Catholics born in this turbulent century to rediscover the true past of their country and the unhappy way in which that past helped mold the established institutions about them. In giving them perspective, it has also given some of them courage to criticize and see objectively people and episodes regarded as sacrosanct in the so-called "official" history books. It corrected an academic abuse that had been allowed to run unchecked for at least two centuries. Now the serious non-Catholic historians accept many of his judgments.

But indissolubly wedded to the unclouded thinker and writer was the forceful man of action. Belloc's interest in practical politics was vital. His early French Republican outlook induced him to enter Parliament in 1906 as a



Liberal, the first ex-soldier and citizen of France ever to sit in the British House of Commons. He was, could not help being, a stormy petrel. There were no half-measures for him; and the more corrupt practices of political life angered and revolted him.

It was now that his intellectual friendship with his "twin," the renowned Gilbert Keith Chesterton, whom he had known for ten years, began to make its impact felt on a national scale. Belloc's disillusioned realism about politics responded perfectly to GKC's poetic yet precise intuitions regarding the betrayal of the English people. Through a pugnacious weekly journal, *The Eye Witness*—best known under its later name of *GK's Weekly*—through books built on articles from its pages, through public debates, the new team which Shaw nicknamed "The Chesterbelloc" waged its vigorous fight for liberty in Edwardian and Georgian England. And in *The Servile State* Belloc produced a coldly factual analysis of the dangerous, inevitable trend toward complete slavery of the social and economic reforms introduced by the modern State. How right he was, forty years ago, in condemning both Socialism and monopoly capitalism, we know to our cost today.

**B**UT it would be a mistake to think of him as a gloomy Cassandra brooding over the doom to come. He was a man of too many parts for that, and wit kept breaking through in lines such as these:

"The accursed power that rests on privilege,  
and goes with women, and champagne, and bridge,  
broke—and democracy resumed her reign—  
that goes with bridge, and women,  
and champagne."

While he fulminated against political skullduggery in *The Eye Witness*, he kept pouring out an almost uninterrupted stream of essays, light verse, and travel books, demonstrating his wonderful European spirit, his Catholicity and his *joie de vivre*. Asked why he wrote so much of impeccably high quality, he is said to have replied: "Because my children are howling for pearls and caviar." The truth was that writing was his vocation, the natural outlet also for a mind as well stocked as Aladdin's cave. He was original, unique, and therefore inimitable. I venture the opinion that some of his sonnets, for instance, will live as long as Shakespeare's; and travel books as fresh as *The Cruise of the Nona* and *The Path to Rome* are already part of our literary

heritage. His own verdict is indisputable: "He does not die who can bequeath—Some influence to the land he knows."

As a friend, he was constant, high-spirited, gay. He reveled in good wine and good company. Here again his own beautiful maxim reflects the soul of the man who loved Shaw and Chesterton and a host of other men for the divine spark he could flash from them: "There's nothing worth the wear of winning—But laughter and the love of friends."

If he had a sharp edge to his tongue, it was because he could not always suffer fools gladly. And there were too many fools in high places for his liking, polished and pomaded English fools who offended his French sense of sacred human equality. I imagine he would have agreed for once with Voltaire: "To succeed, it is not sufficient to be stupid. You must also be well-mannered." Yet, though he felt that way at times, he wrote instead:

"Of Courtesy, it is much less  
Than Courage of heart or Holiness,  
Yet in my Walks it seems to me  
That the Grace of God is in  
Courtesy."

A strange Coronation flag was fluttering in the rain from the windmill next to his house when I called on him. I thought it might be a prized relic from some earlier European walking tour but dared not ask him. His neighbors were puzzled by it, too. In fact, that rectangular banner, with its thin, red, vertical stripes, was nothing more outlandish than a school pennant of his small grandson. To me, the discovery was a symbol of Belloc's unchanged simplicity and mellowed irony.

Many epitaphs await him from the mountain of his own works. I choose this from an essay he was particularly fond of: "The Death of Wandering Peter." He always saw himself as the fanciful Peter Wanderwide of his own tale, and the imaginary scene at God's Judgment Seat may well have been re-enacted:

Almighty God will surely cry—  
"St Michael! Who is this that stands  
With Ireland in his dubious eye  
And Perigord between his hands,

"And on his arm the stirrup thongs,  
And in his gait the narrow seas,  
And in his mouth Burgundian songs,  
But in his heart the Pyrenees?"

St Michael then will answer right  
(But not without angelic shame)  
"I seem to know his face by sight;  
I cannot recollect his name."

St Peter will befriend me then,  
Because my name is Peter, too:  
"I know him for the best of men  
That ever walloped barley brew.

"And though I did not know him  
well,  
And though his soul were clogged  
with sin,  
I hold the keys of Heaven and Hell—  
Be welcome, noble Peterkin. . . ."

As far as the English-speaking world is concerned, that other satirical vaunt of Belloc's carries in itself something prophetic, something since realized:

"When I am dead  
I hope it may be said:  
His sins were scarlet  
But his books were read."



### Just for the Record

▲ During a clearance sale in a big-city department store, a salesgirl was making a heroic effort to take down in her salesbook the address of a quiet little woman who wanted her purchase sent to her home. A noisy and jostling crowd of women shoppers descended upon them, and when the stampede had gone by, the salesgirl reopened her salesbook, in which she had already noted the customer's name and address.

"Madhouse, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Oh, no," the little housewife exclaimed, "it's just an ordinary apartment house."



*Courtyard of the new college reflects modern, yet classic, simplicity of a design known to America, native to Rome*

*The college is on the Janiculum Hill. In view of St. Peter's, it is a symbol of the Church's unity and universality*

# North American College

by **GEORGE SALERNO**

**The house that America built in the heart of Rome. Students will learn in the Old World how to vitalize the New**



FROM the Vatican gardens, where Pope Pius XII takes his regular afternoon walks to pray and meditate, there is a magnificent vista overlooking the nearby Janiculum Hill and beyond, across the city of Rome. The white-clad, saintly figure of the Holy Father has had many an occasion, during his walks these past four years, to watch the gradual growth on the Janiculum of a gleaming white, modern building.

This building is the new home of the North American College for the training of young Americans for the priesthood. Its dedication will represent the

fulfillment of a prophecy made almost one hundred years ago, when a Rome correspondent, attending a ceremony opening the college, wrote: "... America will yet, in years to come, treasure the precious memory of the eighth of December, 1859."

On that wintry afternoon ninety-four years ago, thirteen seminarians, their cassocks trimmed significantly in red, white, and blue were received in audience by Pope Pius IX. It was a Thursday, the day of the feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. The evening before, young students had marched

down Rome's *Via dell'Umiltà*—Humility Street—and into the tiny church of Mary, Mother of Humility, from which the street took its name. At that moment, they began their training for the priesthood. They were accompanied that day, and the next, at the papal audience, by other ecclesiastics, teachers, and well-wishers, and among these the American correspondent.

None of those present at this important beginning could have foreseen the difficulties the college would have to face. The American Civil War, the fall of Rome in 1870, and the threatened



**Bishop O'Connor, college rector, inspects progress of the building**

**The college began under Pius IX. Pius XII encouraged the new work**



*Fellei photo*

confiscation of the property for many years after, the first and second World Wars—all these were severe blows to the college. Yet it survived and flourished, sustained by a providential hand and the good will of Pius IX and the five pontiffs who succeeded him.

**A**FTER almost a century, the North American College has reached another milestone in its history. The new building is being dedicated in the presence of some fifty U. S. bishops and archbishops on October 14th. Among those attending are Edward Cardinal

Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, and Archbishop Francis P. Keough of Baltimore.

The new building on the Janiculum has facilities for 311 seminarians, but only 190 students will reside there in its first year. By constructing additional rooms, already provided for in architects' blueprints, the capacity of the college can eventually be increased to 363 students—a far cry from the first little group of thirteen. The estimated cost of the plant is between three and four million dollars, provided by the American hierarchy. Alumni of the college themselves contributed 350,000 dollars for the construction of the college chapel.

The North American College is not a college in the American sense of the term. It is a pontifical seminary serving as the home of students attending classes at the Pontifical Gregorian University—which, incidentally, celebrates its fourth centenary at the same time as the dedication of the new college building. The young American seminarians take a few courses at the college—preaching, pastoral theology, Italian, Gregorian chant, and polyphony—but the bulk of their studies in theology and related subjects are at the university, where more than 2,000 students from sixty nations pass arduous hours every year.

**A**MERICA'S finest youths are among the 190 seminarians from 85 dioceses who will live in the new building. The college has always had a high scholastic and personal standard. Of the thirteen original students, three became bishops. More than a thousand priests have been sent forth these past ninety-four years to help care for the spiritual needs of America. Some of these men have become members of religious orders; dozens have served as chaplains in the armed forces; scores have become teachers in seminaries and universities; hundreds have become pastors and more than fifty have been appointed bishops, archbishops, or cardinals.

Selection of students is made on a basis of sound health, emotional stability, and a very satisfactory preliminary scholastic record, especially in Latin. It costs about nine hundred dollars a year for board and tuition to maintain a student at the college, without counting clothing, medical treatment, and transportation from America. The money is ordinarily paid by the diocese that sends the student, who is usually required to repay half the amount after finishing his studies. The student may try for the licentiate after four years of study

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at the Gregorian University. For a doctorate, Rome universities require at least a year of additional study.

The college is owned and operated by the bishops of the United States, who are represented by an episcopal committee. The ex-officio members of this committee are the four American cardinals, Mooney, Stritch, Spellman, McIntyre of Los Angeles, and Archbishop Keough of Baltimore. At present, the elected members are Archbishop Leo Binz, coadjutor to the archbishop of Dubuque; Bishop Charles D. White of Spokane, Washington; Bishop William T. Mulloy of Covington, Kentucky; and Bishop William O. Brady of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Each elected member serves four years. The faculty of the college itself is headed by the rector, Bishop Martin J. O'Connor, a native of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

**P**IUS IX was fond of referring to himself as the "first American pope" because he was the first successor to Peter who had ever been in the New World. As Father Giovanni Maria Mastai he had served as auditor to the first apostolic nuncio to Chile, Monsignor Giovanni Muzi, from 1823 to 1825. The diplomatic mission was not a great success. But it gave a new impulse to the missionary fervor of the future pope, and it demonstrated to him that missionary work in the New World was of tremendous importance to the Church and to North and South American civilization as well.

The old building of the North American College dates from 1603, when it was built as a convent for Dominican nuns by a widowed noblewoman, Francesca Baglioni Orsini. The nuns enlarged and improved the building and lived there until the time of the French Revolution. Invading French troops then drove them out and used the convent as their barracks. After 1814, the property served as a home for the Visitation Sisters. They in turn were replaced by French troops who entered Rome in 1848, this time to protect the Papal States.

The North American College had its real beginning in 1854, when Pius IX bought the convent property and took the first step toward providing a place in Rome for the young student-priests who were to be standard bearers of Catholicism in America.

Events of great importance to the Church in America and throughout the world have occurred in the 350-year-old



house on Humility Street. Here Pius IX, on his visit to the Visitandines in 1846, read the decree bestowing the title of Venerable on St. Margaret Mary Alacoque; and on his visit to the Americans in 1870 he bestowed the same honor on Blessed John Juvenal Ancina. The college was the seat of auxiliary sessions of the American bishops who met in Rome for the Vatican Council in 1869 and 1870. And it was here, too, that the American bishops and archbishops prepared the matter for the Third Plenary council of Baltimore.

IT became clearly apparent to the American bishops in recent years that, despite the considerable improvements and reconstruction carried out on the ancient building, it would be far too small for its intended purpose of housing an ever-increasing number of students. Plans were made for new quarters. Encouraged by Pius XII, Bishop O'Connor looked after the practical details of getting work started, once the project was approved by the episcopal committee representing the U.S. bishops. Ground was broken for the new building in October, 1948. An average of 300 workers have put in about three million hours of time, with 60 separate firms and countless experts and specialists cooperating on the complicated technical particulars of the plant. Supervision of the work was carried out by the architect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, Count Enrico P. Galeazzi, and the members of his staff.

The six-floor structure is in the shape of a square, with a long additional wing projecting to the south. Above the basement, ground floor, and main floor are four stories of sleeping quarters for the students and the faculty. Another reduced floor exists in the central part of the building, and above this, in a small addition, is the infirmary.

The new building is set in a twelve-acre area. Included in it are 304 rooms with hot and cold water, four rooms with bath, five four-room apartments, a four-room infirmary, an examination room, and a chapel. Shower rooms are located at the end of each corridor. On the adjoining grounds are outdoor tennis, handball, and basketball courts, softball and soccer fields, and other recreational facilities. The building was designed along classic lines, and the abundant use of travertine stone and marble in the construction indicates that the edifice was intended to last for centuries. Its roofs are wide terraces, from which the students have a view over the greater part of Rome, including

the nearby St. Peter's basilica and the Vatican.

The courtyard is surrounded by a large portico around which are inscribed the names of the 48 states and their dioceses and archdioceses, with a terracotta reproduction in color of the coat of arms of each diocese. The main building has a large auditorium. In other wings are the refectory, kitchens, and laundry, which will be in the care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Menzingen (Switzerland) and of lay personnel, who will also take care of the cleaning of the seminary. The seminary students will be responsible for the care of their own bedrooms.



Italian artists decorated the chapel and crypts. Fazzini sculptured chapel detail

The Sisters will be lodged in the Casa San Giovanni, a building already existing on one side of the Janiculum property and recently renovated. Lay personnel will be housed in a separate building, parallel to the north side of the main building.

The chapel of the seminary provides room for over 400 persons. It has a main altar and two side altars, while 45 additional altars are placed in two crypts below the chapel itself, to allow students who already are priests to celebrate their daily Mass before going to class. Chapel and crypts were decorated by leading Italian artists, and it has been through a special fund granted by the American Hierarchy that such an initiative was made possible.

In a particularly critical moment of the link between Religion and Art, it is most significant that Italian artists have been called upon to express themselves

in decorating the home of young seminarians who are preparing themselves for their priestly life.

Among the benefactors of the new seminary have been Cardinals Mooney, Stritch, and Spellman, many bishops and priests, as well as lay people in the United States. Cardinal Mooney contributed the pews and it was through Cardinal Spellman that a manufacturer donated the carillon bells for the chapel. Cardinal Spellman also contributed funds for the main altar of the chapel, while all the 45 altars in the crypts have been donated by benefactors whose names appear on plaques at each altar.

There is sufficient justification for such a modern building. The young theologians who will spend at least four years of their lives within the walls of the North American College live by a strict, well-ordered routine. Intense mental effort and concentration of will is required for even a bright and devoted young man to master the studies that lead to priesthood. The average day of a student at the college is as disciplined as that of West Point or Annapolis men, and even relaxation must be done "by the numbers" whenever there is a moment free for it in the day's full schedule.

The students arise at 5:30 every morning except Thursday and Sunday (when they are allowed to sleep until 6:00). At 5:55 they attend morning prayers, meditation and Mass, followed by breakfast at 7:15. Busses are waiting to take them to their classes at the Gregorian University at 8:10. After their morning classes, they come home to lunch at 1:00 P. M. Siesta comes at 2:10; at 3:00

there is time for a walk or exercise, followed by a light snack, a rosary, reading, and a study period until supper-time at 8:00. Spiritual readings are held at 9:10; night prayers at 9:35; and the students' day comes to an end at 10:00 with lights out.

THE power of nations rises and falls. One by one, the states of Europe have held historic places in the history of the Church and of the world, and their great prestige is unquestioned and unquestionable. It is appropriate that now, as America enters ever more deeply into her role of world leadership, there should be a parallel growth of facilities for young American priests to study at the very heart of Christendom. It bodes well for our future that these young priests should leave the North American College in ever-increasing numbers to care for the spiritual needs of America.

## Eisenhower's Right-Hand Man



Bern Shanley, cool, calm, and efficient presidential aide, comes from an old Catholic family

Wide World photo

New Jersey's long line of traditionally non-Catholic governors may well be broken within the next eight years by a quiet, middle-sized, friendly politician with sandy hair and cool blue eyes that could probably turn very frosty in a pinch. He is Bernard M. Shanley, a fifty-year-old Newark lawyer now serving as President Eisenhower's acting special counsel. And he looms larger every day as a rising star in New Jersey's political firmament.

A member of an old and distinguished New Jersey family, Shanley proudly counts among the branches of his family tree a probable saint, an American president, and a Catholic Bishop. The saint is Mother Elizabeth Bayley Seton, whose cause for canonization is now underway. The president is rough-riding Teddy Roosevelt. And the Bishop is James Roosevelt Bayley, the first Bishop of Newark.

A detached and respected observer of New Jersey politics has seen in Shanley's political teacup these hopeful possibilities:

**Bernard M. Shanley, Ike's acting special counsel, looms larger every day as a GOP possibility for Governor of New Jersey**

**by EDWIN A. LAHEY**

"Back home in New Jersey, Bern Shanley looks better to the solid guys of the Republican party all the time.

"If the G.O.P. loses the governor's election this year, which is not as remote a possibility as it may seem, the setback would boost Shanley's stock considerably.

"We have never had a Catholic governor, true, but if there is to be one in the foreseeable future, I'd bet on the Republicans to pick Bern Shanley as their best prospect."

The bright political future seen for Shanley by those who know him best started with an ideal that assailed the Newark lawyer shortly after the end of World War II, when Shanley was a

captain in the U. S. Military Government in Italy.

"My father always told me to stay out of politics, because it was corrupt," Shanley said, as we talked in his private office in the White House.

"But I made up my mind in Italy that I should get into politics. I just felt that young people should do something about public matters and that there were too many men in politics who didn't actually belong there."

The bitter advice that Shanley received from his father may well have been founded upon the elder Shanley's personal experience as a big contractor in the politics-ridden state.

Three generations of Shanleys had

operated the contracting firm before it went out of business in Bern Shanley's father's time. When Bern's grandfather ran the company, it was in charge of building the present main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to Newark.

The determination to get into politics that obsessed Bern Shanley in Italy was in keeping with the character of the Newark attorney.

A SIMILAR sense of duty had put him in uniform in the first place. When the war broke out, Shanley was in his late thirties and the head of a rapidly growing family, which now numbers five children. But he decided to enlist in the army as a private in 1942.

"Too many men were getting high-ranking jobs," Bern says in explaining this decision. "I thought it was the thing to do."

Shanley won a commission the hard way in the mechanized cavalry, but his superiors thought he was too old for combat duty, and he was shuffled into the civil affairs division and the Military Government end of the Army.

Shanley's first job in politics was an appointment in 1947 as assistant counsel to the Republican State Committee in New Jersey. This appointment was influenced by his friend, George Merck, a member of the New Jersey pharmaceutical manufacturing family.

Shortly after this, Shanley met Harold E. Stassen at a luncheon in Atlantic City, an important event in the Newark attorney's political life.

Bern "went overboard" for Stassen, who in 1947 was probably at the peak of his political career, barnstorming the country in search of delegates for the 1948 G.O.P. convention and preaching the invigorating doctrines that attracted many young voters to the Stassen banner.

Shanley became campaign manager for Stassen in New Jersey and moved up as counsel for the state G.O.P. in 1948. When his political idol went down to defeat in the Philadelphia convention that nominated Governor Dewey of New York, Shanley showed his party regularity by working as vigorously for the nominee as he had worked for Stassen.

The Newark lawyer again plunged into the political battle in 1951, as national campaign manager for Stassen, who had lost a lot of his early luster

by that time, but who still was eager for the Republican nomination. Shanley worked diligently to take delegate votes away from Senator Taft in the New Jersey pre-convention maneuvers, and at the strategic moment in the Chicago convention gave the signal that swung the Stassen delegates to General Eisenhower. The switch of the Stassen men at Chicago started the stampede that eventually put Dwight Eisenhower across.

Shanley became an important behind-the-scenes figure in the Eisenhower campaign, and acted as a member of the advisory group that traveled with the candidate.



Shanley confers frequently with other Ike aides, James Hagerty, center, and Maxwell Rabb, right

He was called for service in the White House a few days after the President was inaugurated and immediately plunged into a job that keeps him going up to seventy hours a week. Shanley gets down to the White House at 7:45 in the morning and frequently works at his desk until after eight in the evening.

His main job is to act as the President's advisor in matters of White House policy on legislation, but his duties have a broad range. Cabinet officers are frequently tangled in arguments over policy matters, and it is Shanley's difficult diplomatic duty to try to straighten out these family squabbles.

He also has become a final authority on the distribution of federal patronage in New Jersey, where there are rival wings of the Republican party. This role naturally adds to his growing stature in the G.O.P. ranks of the Garden State.

Vice President Nixon, at a recent fund-raising dinner of New Jersey Republicans at Spring Lake, told his listeners:

"Bern Shanley stands in much closer relationship to President Eisenhower than as his mere counsel. The President has Bern in for meetings of the Cabinet, the Security Council, and for conferences with leaders of Congress.

"Many times I've seen the President lean over the table and say, 'Bern, get me something on that,' or 'let's look into that later.'"

Shanley has been a leader in civic and religious affairs in his home state, and was made a Knight of the Order of Malta in 1951 by Pope Pius XII on the recommendation of Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York.

In 1936 Shanley was married to Maureen V. Smith of New York, daughter of the late John Thomas Smith, a General Motors executive. The Shanleys have five children—Maureen, 16, Seton, 13, Kevin, 11, Brigid, 7, and Brendan, 5.

They live on a 67-acre farm estate near Bernardsville, Somerset county, New Jersey, in the heart of a wealthy rural area where the neighbors are given to the fox hunt. Shanley, however always dodged the high social life of the area and preferred to spend what time he could spare working the farm and raising food for the family.

THE Shanley fortune was amassed by Bern's grandfather, the first Bernard M. Shanley, who not only was a great contractor but who brought together the utility companies that formed the Public Service Company of New Jersey, one of the giants of the utilities industry.

The first Bern Shanley died comparatively young, in 1900, of a heart attack. The second Bern Shanley also died in middle age from heart trouble.

The third Bern Shanley, without a quiver of doubt about his fifty years, accepted the call of duty when President Eisenhower asked him last January to come to Washington to serve as his counsel.

"But," he laughs, "I'm in pretty good shape."

EDWIN A. LAHEY, reporter on the staff of the Washington, D. C., office of the *Chicago Daily News*, started his newspaper career as editor and publisher of a Chicago suburban weekly. He has published articles in many Catholic magazines.





## STAGE and SCREEN

*Pilot John Wayne watches for rescue planes as he and his crew are marooned in the Arctic in "Island in the Sky"*

by **JERRY COTTER**

### **Reviews in Brief**

A wartime air search over uncharted Arctic wastes is the foundation of a tense drama in John Wayne's **ISLAND IN THE SKY**. In addition to the full quota of conventional thrills, the film underscores a point not often acknowledged by scenarists in the pilot's plea for Divine aid and his humble thanks when it is forthcoming. Although only a fleeting instant in an incident-packed story, it adds immeasurably to the impact of a forceful production. Air scenes are awesome and beautiful, while the sequences in which four stranded fliers fight fear, cold, despair, and hunger are outlined in graphic terms. Wayne is superb as a veteran pilot who subordinates his own worries and fears to concern for his men. Lloyd Nolan, Walter Abel, Andy Devine, James Lydon, and James Arness offer striking vignettes. Realism reaches supersonic heights in this airborne adventure. (Warner Bros.)

If the illusion of new dimension could be used as intelligently and effectively at all times as it is in **INFERNO**, then 3-D would have a permanent niche in the movie schedule. A blistering California desert is the backdrop for a slightly sordid romance which soon becomes vicious, tough, and

murderous. Robert Ryan gives a brilliant interpretation of a dissolute, wealthy husband who is left to die in the barren country by his wife and her lover. Despite a broken leg, he determines to defeat their scheme and crawls over desolate miles to safety and revenge. His painful progress through burning sands into biting cold and danger-specked canyons gives the 3-D process its most exciting assignment to date. It also leads to the crippled man's regeneration and the destruction of his desire for vengeance. Matching Ryan's outstanding performance with equally good portrayals are William Lundigan, Rhonda Fleming, and Henry Hull. Suspense reaches towering peaks in this often grim fable designed solely for the mature audience. (20th Century-Fox)

**THE MOONLIGHTER** is a standard Western theme allotting equal opportunities to Barbara Stanwyck, Fred McMurray, and the 3-D cameras. Miss Stanwyck is wasted, MacMurray unconvincing, and the extra dimension unnecessary in this pallid recounting of an outlaw's regeneration through a love he belatedly appreciates. The pace is slow and there is a noticeable paucity of action in this routine adult-style Western. (Warner Bros.)

Walt Disney toys with English history in **THE SWORD AND THE ROSE**, an adaptation of Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, replete with flashing blades, Technicolor spectacle, and the expected regal intrigues. Though it has the distinctive Disney touch, it is definitely not for the children. Its recital of Tudor intrigue and romantic byplay is adult material, and the lack of fast action would not endear the production to youngsters in any event. The romance between Mary Tudor and a commoner, familiar material for today's newspaper readers, is the pivot on which the intrigue and skulduggery operate. This being the time of Henry VIII and his excesses, the film is frank in depicting the violence, the treachery, and the motivations. Richard Todd and Glynis Johns are the guardsman and Princess Mary, while James Robertson Justice gives a Laughton twist to his interpretation of the lusty monarch. The lack of abundant action slows the pace, but there is enough substance to interest the adult who likes historical romance with equal rations of fact and fancy. (RKO-Disney)

**THE CRUEL SEA** is a stern, stirring, and authentic story of the Battle of the Atlantic, based on the Nicholas Montsarrat book. Although there are several production faults, the main interest is centered so strongly on the grim struggle for survival and the restrained, often complex, heroism of the men involved that the audience is bound to overlook the flaws. Photography is superb, highlighting the turbulent nature of the Battle and the elements. Jack Hawkins, Denham Elliott, Liam Redmond, and Virginia McKenna head a strong British cast, in this expertly adapted family production. (Universal-International)

**PLUNDER OF THE SUN** promises much more suspense than it delivers. Produced by John Wayne, directed by John Farrow, and starring Glenn Ford, the story is off to a smart start, but slows down midway, and loses it's hold on the audience despite some visually exciting photography of the Mexican countryside. The plot revolves around a map showing the location of an ancient Spanish treasure, with the usual oddly assorted fortune hunters and shady folk on it's trail. Acting and direction are competent, but it is the camera effects you will remember in this adult-slanted melodrama. (Warner Bros.)

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have their legion of followers, so **THE CADDY** is assured of success. It is a skimpy plot, even as Martin and Lewis routines go, but the framework has been padded with frantic episodes and wild shenanigans, plus a few song interludes to permit the players and the audience breathing time. The fairways setting allows for a few new gags and the appearance of Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, and other golf champions. It adds up to a mildly entertaining session of family-style fun. (Paramount)

**THE ALL-AMERICAN** is content with its status as a timely gridiron comedy. Laughs and touchdowns predominate, with a bit of campus snobbery tossed in for conflict. Tony Curtis seems ill-cast as a scholarship player who comes through to make that crucial, final-quarter play. Herman Hickman, on the other hand, is well cast as a jovial, rotund coach, and Tom Harmon appears briefly as a sportscaster. There are no tricky plays in this pigskin parade, but it is a pleasant and credible autumn entry. (Universal-International)

For all its Technicolor glitter and emphasis on the gaudy, **LATIN LOVERS** is a threadbare comedy enlivened with brief flashes of humor and fairly convincing performances.



★ Glynis Johns as Princess Mary Tudor in the Walt Disney Technicolor film, "The Sword and the Rose"

All the accent is on the physical, both in story values and production terms, as heiress Lana Turner battles a neurosis as formidable as her multi-million-dollar bank balance. Brazil is the setting, with Ricardo Montalban, John Lund, Louis Calhern, and Jean Hagen adding to the complications. Mildly entertaining fare for adults. (M-G-M)

**SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE** blends pleasing personalities and appealing musical memories into a relaxed bit of nostalgia certain to satisfy the family audience. The arrival of a medicine show was a major event in the 1870 era out Indiana way, and this particular troupe brings large portions of charm, music, and romance. Nothing pretentious here, just a pleasant hour of fun. Ray Middleton, Lucille Norman, Eileen Christy, Bill Shirley, and Harry Carey, Jr. are decided assets. (Republic)

**STAND AT APACHE RIVER** has all the elements of an exciting Western but is bogged down by excessive dialogue and pedestrian staging. Stephen McNally, Julia Adams, and Hugh Marlowe are among a group of travelers besieged at a stage station by a band of Apaches. Lack of action and clearcut characterization help scuttle this adventure. (Universal-International)

Kathryn Grayson plays Grace Moore in **SO THIS IS LOVE**, which carries the Tennessee soprano to the doorstep of operatic fame. So much of true dramatic import occurred in Miss Moore's life after her initial success at the Metropolitan that the film misses a golden opportunity in not transferring the focus. Miss Moore's conversion, the highlights of a spectacular musical career, and the tragic finis to her life are passed over in favor of a stylized, musical-movie biography. However, within it's self-imposed limits this is quite entertaining, and, if Miss Grayson is not to be compared with the star she impersonates, her voice is more than satisfactory. The musical interludes are varied enough to appease the opera lovers and to attract those who prefer a rousing "Ciribiribin." Merv Griffin, Douglas Dick, Walter



★ Kathryn Grayson, in the role of Grace Moore, sacrifices love for a career in "So This is Love"

Abel, Rosemary DeCamp, and the Szonys add to the enjoyment of a colorful family musical, which pays a deserved, though only partial, tribute to a magnificent singer and lady. (Warner Bros.)

**SAILOR OF THE KING**, is an excellent adaption of the C. S. Forester novel paying tribute to the heroism of the Royal Navy. Though photographed in black-and-white, the camera work is the outstanding feature of the production. It is sweeping and exciting in depicting the clash between a German raider and the focal British cruiser. Counterpoint to the action is a story in which the heroic signalman of the cruiser is actually the illegitimate son of his commanding officer. A large amount of plot is woven into the production, too much for comfort or conviction, but it is extremely well played by Jeffrey Hunter, Michael Rennie, Wendy Hiller, and a good British cast. The tempo is fast and the thrills plentiful as the plot evolves in this adult adventure. (20th Century-Fox)

#### Footlight Prospects

Threats and promises vie for attention as a new theatrical season swings into view. The threats develop with announcements that audiences will be regaled with such "delights" as a musical version of *Tobacco Road*; the appearance of Jose Ferrer as George M. Cohan in *The Musical Comedy Man*; a "variation" on a Biblical theme in which Samson will be a Chicago prizefighter in love with a night club singer called Lila Dee; and a musical based on the comic strip *Li'l Abner*.

Before crusading for the tax relief it seeks (and actually needs), the commercial theater should settle on some method of checking the absurdities many producers foist on the public. The theater needs to experiment in fresh fields, but there is a vast chasm between genuine experimentation and ridiculous sensationalism. The present-day theater has an overdose of the latter, as the above-noted examples indicate.

More heartening news comes with the reports that Katharine Cornell, the Lunts, Shirley Booth, Helen Hayes, and John Gielgud will be among the players on hand this season. While the playwrights have promised little for the next ten months, there are indications that the situation will be changed by curtain time.

Musically, the trend is toward adaptations of established successes in the literary and movie fields. There will be musical versions of *Ninotchka*, the Garbo movie which lampooned the Communists before it became popular to do so; *Seventh Heaven*, which had its greatest success as a silent movie; *Saints and Sinners*, a recent Irish movie now reaching the TV saturation point; Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!*, perennially popular; a song-and-dance adaptation of Shaw's *Pygmalion*; Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy in a revival of Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*; Irving Berlin's tuned-up version of Cleveland Armory's treatise on a varnished aristocracy, *The Last Resorts*; a new revue to be called *John Murray Anderson's Almanac*, if they can get it on the marquee; Robert Alda and Maureen Cannon in a Gay 90's newspaper story, *Herald Square*; and a production in which it should be hard to fit a chorus line, Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," to be called *Huck and Tom*.

On the more serious side, Miss Cornell will be seen as a "peacemaker" in *The Prescott Proposals*; Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt will bring Noel Coward's *Quadrille* to this side of the Atlantic; Irish novelist Walter Macken will be represented with his play, *Home is the Hero*; Rosemary Casey's *Late Love* is scheduled; Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* will have Henry Fonda in the lead; there will be a new Sherlock Holmes play (with music) co-starring Basil Rathbone and Jarmila Novotna, a Baker Street innovation; Mary Martin and Charles Boyer have a well-publicized comedy in *Kind Sir*; Deborah Kerr is making her American stage debut in *Tea and Sympathy*; and Eva Le Gallienne has adapted the French play *On Earth as in Heaven* for local inspection.

There is variety on the schedule and enough talent to give it luster. But as is often the case, the best blueprints make the draftiest houses. Too many offerings of recent seasons have collapsed with a dull thud when exposed to public view.



★ Michael Rennie and Wendy Hiller in "Sailor of the King," film version of C. S. Forester novel





Pauline Jaricot

# The Admirable Mademoiselle Jaricot

by COUNTESS WALDECK

**This girl in the pale blue taffeta gown and the big Italian straw hat was one of the greatest missionaries in the history of the Church**

ONE Sunday morning in the spring of 1816, a young girl of 17 drove up at Lyon's fashionable St. Niziere's. She was the daughter of a rich silk-manufacturer and very pretty in a tall, slender, vital way. Black curls framed an oval face; her eyes were large and dark, her nose fine, her mouth strong. She wore an elegant gown of pale blue taffeta shot with white and shoes to match. Her big Italian straw hat was wreathed in roses. As all Lyon, she had come to hear Abbé Jean-Wendel Wuertz preach one of his famous Lenten sermons.

It so happened that the Abbé spoke of the fleeting vanities. What he had to say about them so shattered the young heiress that on her return to her father's opulent, easy-going home, she put away all her lovely gowns and the matching shoes and the plumed and flowered hats and garbed herself in the most unbecoming clothes she could find.

Three years later she had founded what was to become one of the greatest international organizations in existence—*The Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. And by 1827 she had laid the groundwork for another global agency—the *Association of the Living Rosary*.

The name of the girl was Pauline Jaricot. One of the most original, creative, and efficient women in a century which had its Queen Victoria and its Florence Nightingale, she is almost unknown even to the Catholic world. From the beginning, her person was eclipsed by the very vastness of her undertakings. By the time she died in 1862 she was either forgotten or disregarded in the universal chorus of praise and prayer she had inspired.

Pauline Jaricot's story is fascinating. It is the story of a passionate nature choosing holiness. It is the story of a high intelligence desiring to co-operate in doing God's work on earth. It is the story of an eminently successful mystical career, which, on a natural level, ended in almost sordid failure.

Pauline Jaricot, so she told in later life, was in love as far back as she could remember. She loved her parents; she loved her brothers and sisters; she loved her little friends; she finally loved the boy whose ring she wore on a chain around her neck. She loved passionately, jealously, possessively. And she

soon discovered that no creature could fulfill the "immense desires" of her heart and that God alone could be loved "without remorse, without measure, without end, without fear." What she called her "conversion" crystallized her longing to give herself entirely to God. In the meantime she took up nursing in a hospital for incurables. She also set up her first organization—a group of women workers in her family's silkmills was united in a movement of reparation for the impiety of France. She called them the *Réparatrices*.

For us who live in an epoch where



United Press photo

**Maryknoll Sisters and Korean Red Cross officials distribute clothing to orphan victims of war at St. Paul's Orphanage, in Seoul, Korea**

the corruption of an order of reason, unsustained by the order of charity, has become all too evident, it is hard to realize how bright that order of reason looked back in the early 19th century and how hopeless seemed its denial. Even her relatives and friends were shocked by the aggressive passion with which the young girl threw herself into her "vocation of perfection." Only her brother, Philéas, understood. Close to her from early childhood on, Philéas lived in Paris, where he studied for the priesthood. From there he wrote her long letters about the sad state in which the foreign missions found themselves.

**ALTHOUGH** recognized by the Concordat of 1802, Philéas wrote, the missions had not recovered from the blow dealt them by the Revolution. Between 1807 and 1816 not a single French priest had left for service in the Far East. The catechists alone kept up the framework of the missions. But, wrote Philéas, it cost 15 francs a year to maintain a catechist, and their number was falling off for lack of funds.

These letters were responsible for Pauline Jaricot's decision to serve God by helping the missionaries. Here was a field, then, for the young woman's burning love for God and souls. A married sister owned a silk factory employing about one hundred workers. Among them Pauline carried on a sort of crusade for the missions and succeeded in interesting a certain number. These she instructed and inspired with little talks on God's love for all His creatures. She initiated them into the several sweet ways of charity and collected from them

at intervals the small sum of a *sou* for the missions. God alone is able to judge the merit of the sacrifices of these poor factory girls. Pauline now had two groups.

**PAULINE'S** whole thought became centered on how to transform this imperfect work into something that would engage the whole Catholic world and swell her rivulets of charity into a mighty river, the source of which would be inexhaustible. To encourage her little groups, she read her brother's letters to them. But all Pauline's prayers and effort seemed to be of no avail. All the ideas that came to her she rejected as impractical. Then, unexpectedly, God heard the prayers of His servant.

It was the autumn of 1819, and Pauline was almost twenty. With the clearness of mind always shown by souls chosen by God for great human undertakings desired by Him for supernatural ends, she conceived the one practical way for all the laity to come to the aid of the universal apostolic Church. "One evening," she told later, "when my family was playing cards and I was sitting by the fire praying and seeking help from God, a clear conception came into my mind of how the Propagation of the Faith should be organized." How easy it would be, it occurred to her, for each person of her own intimate circle to find ten other persons who could each spare a halfpenny for the Missions! The most zealous among the ten would be chosen to receive the halfpennies collected from the group. In the same manner, the group-leaders would choose among themselves the one to receive

the funds collected from a hundred people; those hundred group leaders would then choose the one to receive the funds collected from a thousand people; the latter would be responsible to a central agency.

Pauline Jaricot wrote her scheme on a scoring board on the card table and tried it first out on her Réparatrices. They responded enthusiastically. "Why," one of them said, "in the future I will wear no more white caps; it costs me a halfpenny to have them ironed. If I wear black caps, I can give you the halfpenny I shall save."

It was in this spirit that The Society for the Propagation of the Faith took shape. It caught on immediately. For three years its spreading network was controlled by Pauline. Then it was found necessary to organize it along more businesslike lines. It was at this juncture that her name somehow got lost in the shuffle. Still only 22, she was too modest to claim the right to be officially named foundress of an organization which began to span the world.

**THE** first collection made by Pauline Jaricot's Society for the Propagation of the Faith amounted to \$4,000 in the year of its founding, 1822. This was divided into three parts: one-third to Asia, one-third to Louisiana, one-third to Kentucky.

What makes Pauline Jaricot so interesting is that as an organizer she was very much a child of her century—practical, essentially democratic, and intensely aware of the social problems posed by the industrial revolution. But she sharply differed from her century in



Eastern Publishers Service

Mission at Kubuna, Papua. Founded by French Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, it is a segregated but self-contained community



Three Lions

Father Didier, O.M.I., teaches little Eskimo girl, in Missions of Northern Canada

her belief that these social problems were to be solved by spiritual rather than by material means.

Her foundation of the Association of the Living Rosary was a case in point. For quite some time it had perturbed her that in France the Rosary was relegated to the illiterate. To revive its devotion, she believed, would "calm the anger of heaven and produce fruit in the souls of men." But how to get the idea across to those "frivolous French minds?" The scheme she finally hit upon proposed to divide the fifteen decades of the Rosary between fifteen associates who would each pray one decade daily and meditate on a different mystery every day.

The Association of the Living Rosary grew rapidly. By 1832 there were 200,000 members in France alone. When that year Lammenais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert had an audience with Pope Gregory XVI, "the pilgrims of liberty" were somewhat dryly advised to imitate such great social institutions as the Propagation of the Faith and the Living Rosary, created by that admirable Mlle. Jaricot in Lyon. . . .

**T**HAT year Mlle. Jaricot was only 33, but her health began to give out. A heart disease grew worse and worse; the doctors despaired of her recovery. It was then that she decided on that famous pilgrimage to Mugnano, near Naples. Here the ashes of one Philomena had effected miraculous cures for almost thirty years. There never was a more obscure little wonderworker than that Philomena. Her tomb had been dug up in 1802 in the catacombs of Priscilla, Rome. From various symbols painted on it, it was assumed that she was a girl of thirteen to fifteen years who had died a martyr's death around 100 A.D.

When Pauline Jaricot arrived in Rome on her way to Mugnano, she was so evidently near death that Gregory XVI, who visited her in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Trinita dei Monti, asked her to intercede for him when she reached heaven. Upon which, Pauline asked him to canonize Philomena in the event that she would come away cured from Mugnano. "Certainly, my daughter," promptly answered the Holy Father, "for that would be a miracle of the first order." Pauline Jaricot was cured in Mugnano.

While receiving Holy Communion on the day after her arrival, she passed a moment of burning suspense in which she accepted whatever was to be her fate. Then she knew she was cured.

Gregory XVI kept his promise. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the admirable Mlle. Jaricot appear before him at the Vatican. He let her several times walk to and fro in the

big hall. No, there was no doubt that little Philomena had responded. He canonized her and appointed her a feast to be held on September 9th. It was the first time in the history of the Church that there was raised to the altars an unknown of whom nothing was certain save her miracles.

There followed for Pauline Jaricot some good years at the Lorette, her beautiful property near Lyon, where she had started a religious community of women. Guests came from near and far; for Pauline, in spite of her preoccupation with the City of God, had become quite a personage in the City of Man. The rest was a long-drawn-out martyrdom, very different from the one she had prayed for in her youth. Hers was a martyrdom made up of lawsuits, betrayals, and debts.

Briefly, it was the scheme of the Working Man's Mission which became her undoing. Long aware of the dangers inherent in the industrial revolution and in the abuse of money, she dreamed of regenerating the dignity of the working man through a reorganization of industry along Christian and humane lines. She had spoken of this dream to many of her visitors, among them one Gustave Perre. There was nothing much to recommend Monsieur Perre. He had been in jail for fraudulent bankruptcy, and Pauline's entourage felt a healthy distrust of him. But somehow he ingratiated himself with her. He seemed so devout, imaginative, and resourceful. Then he told her one day that he knew just the place where she could try out her industrial

experiment—a milltown by name of Rostrel. She not only invested her large fortune into the company which was to finance the purchase of the place but caused a great many other people to do likewise.

By and by it came out that Rostrel was a sort of Potemkin-village and that all the money invested in it was lost. For ten years Pauline Jaricot, who had assumed full responsibility for all the debts of the company, struggled helplessly in a net of lawsuits. She still lived at Lorette, but it didn't belong to her any more. The furniture went. The religious community of women dissolved. Her brother, Phileas, was dead; she was incredibly alone. Only one, Constance Poitrasson, shared with her that life of almost unbelievable poverty she had assumed in order to pay her debts. But her worst mortification was the suspicions she aroused—especially in the poor.

**O**NCE, when things became unbearable, she and Constance set out to visit the Curé d'Ars. It was winter. Pauline Jaricot's clothes were too thin. She was half frozen when she arrived at her friend's little house. The Curé, worn out though he was himself, hastened to find some wood and to get a fire going in the grate. But he only succeeded in getting the room filled with smoke. Pauline asked him not to bother; her body was used to the cold. It was her soul which needed warmth and consolation, and that was what she had come for. So the Curé d'Ars listened to the tale of misfortunes which had befallen the woman who had founded The Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Living Rosary. And when she had ended, he said: "My sister, never mind what may be said or done to hurt you in man's eyes; that wouldn't prevent Our Lord doing you justice." And he blessed her, invoking his "Charge d'Affaires with God," his "dear little Saint," his St. Philomena.

It was their last meeting. Pauline Jaricot survived him for three years, during which illness was added to her troubles. One day someone suggested that maybe she didn't ask God insistently enough for help—to which she gave the sublime answer: "I am always afraid of asking for what may not be the will of God." She died, clutching in her hand a yellow paper—it was her so-called "certificat d'indigence," the official credential of her poverty. It would, she knew, assure her a good reception by Him who loved the poor.

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#### Regrets

► Two former classmates who had not met since their grade school days attended the same social gathering and had a wonderful time discussing their childhood days.

"By the way," one asked, "have you realized any of your boyhood dreams?"

The other sighed.

"Only one," he said, sadly. "When my mother used to comb my hair, I always wished I hadn't any."

—John Haley



## One Lump or Two?



**H**AD your second cup of coffee yet today?

Possibly so; possibly you've already had your third, fourth, or more.

If you like coffee at all, you've probably drunk hundreds, maybe thousands, of cups in your lifetime.

Have you ever wondered about it, though?

Have you ever stared into its deep, brown blackness or its rich, smooth, cream-mingled sepia to wonder where it came from originally and who was brave enough to drink the first cupful?

Well, I've wondered about it for years and, for years, was content to wonder, but recently I decided on something definite: to satisfy my curiosity about coffee once and for all, and I don't mean out of a cup.

Actually, I set out to learn about the first sip of coffee, if I could, to trace its history to the present, a history I soon found to be a charming and fascinating mixture of fact and legend.

One fact has it that coffee has been known and used for nearly 1500 years, although legend relates it was discovered in Abyssinia quite accidentally by a small band of monks hiding from persecution.

The same legend further relates they originally ate the berries as food and were surprised and pleased to note the mild stimulation that followed.

They took some of the strange beans along when they finally made their escape and, so the legend continues, experimented with them in different forms, first making a paste and, then, a crude brew.

The use of coffee as a stimulating and refreshing beverage seemed to spread rapidly after that, but the world's first coffee house wasn't established until 1554, in Constantinople, and it wasn't until 1582 that coffee was first mentioned in print—in the course of a travel series.

The first coffee advertisement appeared in 1652 and made much of "the clean, white skins of the people who drink it," and the first coffee house was opened in London, later noted for its coffee houses, shortly thereafter.

Incidentally, Lloyd's of London, the famous underwriters' club, began as a coffee house, and it's also interesting to recall that, at that time, coffee cost about thirty dollars a pound!

The coffee drug, commonly known as "caffeine," was isolated late in the last century.

In Ethiopia, coffee is known, even today, by the ancient name of "bunc," but the word "coffee," itself, stems from the Arabic "qahwah" or "kahweh."

A Turkish law once held that a husband's refusal to give his wife coffee was grounds for divorce.

(Household note: Dry, used coffee grounds in soapy water are good for cleaning bottles.)

One of the early Popes called coffee "a truly Christian drink."

The present world consumption of coffee is about four billion pounds a year, at about forty cups to the average pound, making coffee a fifteen billion dollar basic industry.

Even so, of all non-alcoholic drinks, coffee is only second all over the world in popularity; tea is first and cocoa is third, with the millions of tea-drinking Indians and Chinese winning the lead for tea.

Brazil is the world's biggest coffee-producing country, but about twenty-five other countries also produce it on about 50,000 coffee "estates" and, since this is so, it naturally follows that there are literally hundreds of different types and kinds of coffee.

If you've wondered, as I have, who first introduced coffee to the United States, we now both know it was the famous Capt. John Smith, but William

Penn and Benjamin Franklin were also in the coffee business and helped popularize the drink among the colonials.

Partly as a result of this, I suppose, America is now the greatest coffee-drinking nation in the world—the Scandinavian countries are higher on the per capita consumption chart—and Americans consume about twenty pounds per capita annually, which adds up to 3,200,000,000 pounds, and that's a lot of coffee.

**I**N addition to its use as a beverage, coffee has been used as a theme around which both verse and music have been written.

Consider the popular songs, "There's An Awful Lot Of Coffee In Brazil," "A Cup Of Coffee, A Sandwich And You," "Let's Have Another Cup Of Coffee And Let's Have Another Piece Of Pie," "Coffee In The Morning And Kisses In The Night," "You're The Cream In My Coffee," and many others.

Guatemala has a famous national waltz titled "La Flor Del Cafe," "The Coffee Flower," and in 1732, the great Bach, himself, wrote his now well-known "Coffee Cantata."

In the field of literature, Alexander Pope wrote of "coffee, which makes the politician wise, and see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

It was left to Tallyrand, however, to describe coffee as "black as the devil, hot as hell, pure as an angel, gentle as love," probably the best-known line ever written on the subject.

Fighting men in the American Navy are said to average between fifteen and twenty cups a day when in action, and one American military authority even goes so far as to credit coffee with playing a great part in winning both world wars for the Allies because it's such a favorable and effective stimulant.

Now for one last fact: about thirty-five different operations are necessary to get coffee from some far-away coffee "estate" into a cup on your table. After the coffee arrives there are any number of ways of brewing it, although most experts consider the French drip method the best.

This is my particular favorite, drunk with absolutely nothing added but a heaping teaspoonful of vanilla ice cream!

What is your favorite?



*World consumption of coffee is about four billion pounds a year*

# THE Pumpkin

## ON THE VINE



Like all the things the boy had loved, the pumpkin would wither and die. But he would not protest, for love had taught him well

by **FRANK P. JAY**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

PEOPLE were very kind that last year before my father died. Although our nearest neighbor was a mile away, we never seemed to want for company. Someone came almost every day, and pretty nearly everyone brought something for us. They seemed to sense, I guess, that my father had given up the fight and that I was too young to be of much help. They brought bread and venison and butter to us, vegetables and fruit and berries. They had little enough themselves, God knows, but there was always something for us.

That was the year we planted the pumpkin.

My father seemed obsessed with the idea of growth. He didn't plant the usual things like potatoes and corn and beans, things we could eat, but odd things. He and I planted wild plum trees and small oaks.

When Roy brought his team over in May and asked if he could do something for us, my father thought a while then asked him to disk up our vegetable garden and to plow the meadow in front of the house. Through the plowed meadow he went then like a tall, pale ghost and sowed, broadcast, seeds of asters and marigolds, petunias and zinnias, bright, fall-blooming flowers.

When he had finished he sat down on a rock and rested. His skin was white with a transparent cast that made him

look, when the sun shone on him, as though his taut skin covered not flesh and bone but water or milk. He breathed heavily awhile, then a small splintering sound began deep in his chest. The sound became a shattering cough. He coughed as though he would break apart for a minute, then leaned back exhausted against the ancient apple tree which grew behind the rock. There was bright red blood on the lichened stone.

When he opened his great blue eyes, that now were so deeply sunken in his head, he smiled at me. He was very near to death. "In the fall," he said, "you can gather up these seeds. Your aunt will probably drive up from the city from time to time and you can come with her." We had made these arrangements before and had discussed them often. After my father's death his sister was to come and take me to live with her. She had no children.

After his death—he had told me of death many times when in his planting work he had stopped to rest. He had stopped often to rest in those spring days. He had told me not to fear death, and I did not fear it nor dread its coming.

The days grew longer and the nights became warm. The snow water was out of the mountains.

One evening we had a visitor. George

lived all alone in a big house eight miles up the brook. He had been on the river drive and stopped to see us as he walked the roads back home. George was very short, very old, and I think he was very wise. He could shoe horses and graft trees and find water with a hazel wand. His hands did not look like human hands. His nails had grown thick and curved under, like claws, from grubbing in the earth.

After he had drunk from our well, he sat on a rocker on our porch with his hat in his lap and my father and he looked at each other. Then after a long time George said, "Well," and again,





*I cut the eyes and the nose, and my hand was trembling a little when I came toward the mouth*

"Well." They rocked on. Their gaze shifted out over the meadow where the rows of new trees stood and the plowed land. "What did you plant?" he asked. George's eyes had deep perpetual crow's-feet so that you could never tell if he were smiling or not, but it seemed to me that when my father told him what he had been planting the crevasses grew deeper and George nodded in time with the slow rocking.

After a time he turned to me. "Go to the barn and get a forkful of dung and bring it here." I brought it. The dung was old and rotted. It had been two years since we had had stock. George

took the fork and we three went up the hill in back of the house to the turned ground of the vegetable garden in which nothing had been planted. He dug a shallow trench and put the manure in it. Then he knelt down and mingled the earth and the manure with his hands in a sifting motion. His hands moved gently. He reached into his pocket and drew out a dozen seeds. They were flat and white and big. He placed them in the soil in a ring and patted them down with a clawlike hand. "You take care of these," he said to me.

After he had gone my father told me that they were pumpkin seeds.

In the summer that followed, George came time and again, to see his pumpkin vine as he told us. The little green plants became vines and the vines blossomed. When the orange, trumpet-belled blossoms swelled into fruit George chose the strongest and, with a sharp knife, cut every other pumpkin off the vine and threw them into the woods.

All the strength of that strong vine then flowed into the one pumpkin and it swelled as if by magic.

I hoed and weeded and watched over it just as George had told me to do. Every day my father and I would sit in the sun and watch that pumpkin.



My father explained many things to me in those days. Perhaps I learned them too fast and too soon but he said that I would need to know them. He taught me how to listen to creature sounds and understand them; how to be patient and wait. He showed me the cycles that hint of immortality: how after the ice, the grass returns; how the creatures return when spring comes back; how day follows night; how the seed is everlasting in its nature; how the clouds rise far off in the sea; how the rain runs to the river and the river finds its way somewhere back to the sea.

ALL this time the pumpkin lay growing on that sunny slope. The rain fell and the thunder splintered and crashed over it; small creatures crept around it in the night, and summer hail bounded off its leathery orange sides. It grew bigger and bigger.

George came often and showed me how to graft trees. Sometimes he brought Joseph Le Claron with him. Le-Claron would play his violin in the evening, and they would talk of my mother and how beautiful she had been and how kind and generous and how she was now with God. Once my father sang a song. I had never heard him sing before. He had a high voice, clear and true but not loud. The song was about silver bells and roses in the evening dew. It was a pretty song and he laughed when he finished it, but it made me feel lonely.

My father died in September. He was buried the morning after the first frost fell. When George and I came back from the burying place, the frost-stricken pumpkin leaves were already hanging limply from the spiny vine. After our neighbors had gone one and two at a time back into the hills or along the roads into the country beyond the river, to the farms or to the forest, we sat on the porch and said nothing much of anything. A change had come quietly over the land since the frost. The air was clear and breathless, the sumacs had turned scarlet, and in the night the northern lights shook across the sky.

My aunt was a tall and nervous woman who dressed in black, not because she mourned her brother, but because I think she liked black. She cried softly in bed at night.

When she came up from the city to get me, she hugged me and cried so much that I began to feel a sadness which I had never felt before. My father had never been so sad and he was the one who had been sick. I wondered why she had never come when my father was living.

She put me in her car and had her man put a padlock on the door of our

house. When he finished she said, "There" and turned to George and offered him money for having stayed with me. He smiled and with a stony courtesy refused.

In the house I could hear our wooden clock strike, then wind slowly and strike again. It was nearly run out.

George walked to the car and opened the door. "You're forgetting something," he said to me. We went together up the hill and he cut the pumpkin from the blackened vine. When we put the pumpkin in the car, the man started the motor. George came to the back window and reached in. With his tough old talon he offered me his bone-handled clasp knife. I took it as the car started forward and I didn't have time to say a word.

The pumpkin had been my pride. Men had stopped on the road and come up to the garden to look at it. They'd stayed and eaten an apple and drunk from our well and exclaimed over that pumpkin. In my Aunt's tall brownstone house there was no place for it; so it had to go into the cellar.

I went to school and did very well. It seemed odd at first to be with so many children, even though I was no older than they. My aunt bought me a

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● Intelligence is like a river . . .  
the deeper it is, the less noise it  
makes. —Gilcrafter

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great many clothes and toys. I needed the clothes; the toys I tried to play with to please her. Each afternoon I would go down the four flights of stairs to the windowless cellar and look at my pumpkin. Somehow it began to look smaller to me as it sat there on a dusty steamer trunk. One day late in October I touched a soft spot.

At school next day, Miss Saunders said she had a surprise for us and she took out of a paper shopping bag a tiny little pumpkin no bigger than an acorn squash. It had been hollowed out and a face had been cut into a wide smile. Miss Saunders said that it had been given to the class by a boy who sat several seats ahead of me. She said she thought that it would be nice if other children would bring jack-o'-lanterns to school. She went on to tell us about Halloween, but I wasn't listening.

That night I told my aunt that I wanted to bring my pumpkin to school and she had a man carry it up from the cellar. It was dusted off and placed on the kitchen table and I ran upstairs and brought down George's knife. I cut the top out with a sawing cut, lifted it

off and peered inside. I stood marveling at the great web of membranes, the seeds and the sweet earthy odor. All the sunshine and dewfall and hill water were there. I thought of George and my father, of apples and woodsmoke, of hayfields and the cool cedar-smelling air that came down the hillsides in the evening. Then my aunt said, "What an awful odor!" so I went on with my work. As soon as I scooped out the insides my aunt hurried them away.

I cut the eyes and the nose, and my hand was trembling a little when I came to the mouth. I hesitated only a moment. I had intended to cut a smile like the one Miss Saunders had held up but something went wrong. When I finished I stepped back and looked at my work. It was a splendid jack-o'-lantern, all right, but the corners of the mouth were turned down in the saddest smile I had ever seen.

Next day at school everyone admired it. It was the largest in the class, but someone else had brought a pumpkin with a great red pimento for a nose and green peppers for eyes and a yellow banana set into its side for a mouth. It was a fine, happy jack-o'-lantern and it was put in the front of the room. All the others were put on top of the coat closets.

Within two days the soft spot on my pumpkin spread and a greenish white patch of mold climbed up its side. It sagged and looked even more mournful. The children saw it and laughed. All the other jack-o'-lanterns seemed to be laughing too and Miss Saunders had it removed.

I didn't go right back to my aunt's house that afternoon. I waited until the janitor put out the trash barrels. On the top of one I found my pumpkin. The janitor had put a cigarette butt in one corner of the mouth. I pulled out the cigarette butt and threw it away. Then I gathered up the sagging remains and took them back to my aunt's house.

I WENT into the cellar and found a shovel and went out into the garden. I dug a deep hole behind a straight row of purple dahlias. All my aunt's flowers were planted in straight rows. I buried my pumpkin in that small orderly garden where the sun shone only at noon. When I gently put back the last bit of earth, I leaned on the shovel in just the way I had seen George and my father lean on shovels in our broad fields after the job was done.

Just then my aunt, who must have been watching, raised a window and called to me. She said to stop playing in the dirt and come in and do my lessons. Didn't I want to grow up and learn things and amount to something?

I didn't answer her.



## The Resurrection

by GERALD VANN, O.P.

AND at very early dawn," St. Luke tells us, "on the first day of the week they came to the tomb . . . and found the stone already rolled away." As at the dying of the Word the world is shrouded in darkness, so here at His rising again the light returns, a new dawn because a "new heaven and a new earth." But He is still to be sought; the light and the life are in the world again, but they do not come to us automatically; we have to go out to find them.

St. John tells us how he and St. Peter, hearing the news of the empty tomb, ran together to it, but John "outran" Peter and reached the tomb first! He outran Peter because of his greater youth, perhaps because of his greater love. The eagle does not tarry on his way toward the sun. Yet having reached the tomb first, he waits and allows Peter to enter. It can be disheartening to watch someone running ahead of us on the way to God and, still young, becoming holy while we for our part are left far in the rear, perhaps plodding slowly and painfully forward, perhaps even moving in the wrong direction. But there is the lovely mystery of the communion of saints to encourage us: the saints are not concerned simply with their own discovery of God; they are concerned to see that we too enter into the joy of the Lord.

Indeed, we are perhaps to see this story as teaching us first of all that in the end it matters little whether we are fast or slow, so long as we reach the goal at last. The figures of Peter and John could stand for different temperaments—and the search for God is to some extent determined by the temperaments, the different gifts He has given us. Some seem to run to God swiftly, unimpeded, undistracted by long and arduous struggles. They are quick to learn, in this as in other matters. There is a single mindedness about them and a lyrical quality in their love which drive them forward

joyfully. Others find things very different. By temperament they are slow. Religion, prayer, charity are not for them the shining, unchallenged realities they are for the eagles. Their path is beset by many difficulties and many falls and many blindnesses, but they are not to be discouraged, for it is out of all these that their love can be made perfect in the end.

But what if one is a coward, unable to run forward at all because he is afraid of giving himself to the effort, afraid of what it will entail, the sacrifices and struggles, the relinquishing of self-will, the loss of comforts, pleasures, illusory freedoms which he holds dear? It is just here that St. Peter is so consoling, for he was a coward too. Yet out of his cowardice came the strength that made him the Rock on which the

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• Some people don't have much to say—but you have to listen a long time to find it out. —Quote

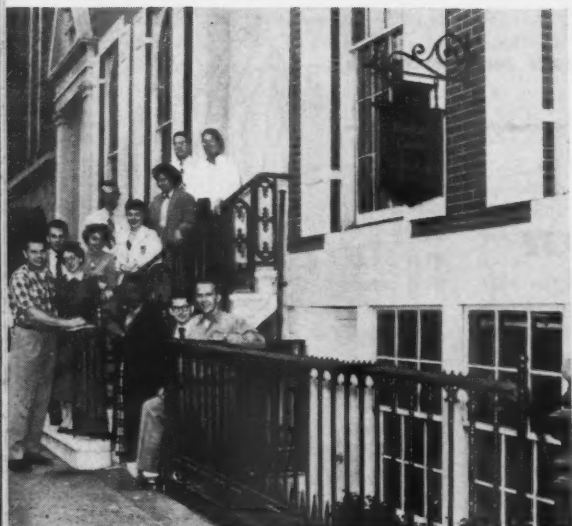
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• Under Communism you can't keep a good man up.  
—James St. George Lynch  
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Church is built. He was a coward when he denied his Master at the beginning of the Passion. And there is the legend which depicts him running from Rome to escape death and meeting Christ on the way: "*Quo Vadis, Domine?*" "Where goest Thou, Lord?" "I go to Rome to be crucified again." And only so is Peter's timidity finally conquered, and he returns to meet his death.

We should pray to be given something of the tremendous love, and therefore zeal and energy, of the eagle. And we may remember also that he, the great seer, John the Divine, profound theologian and visionary, was only a simple fisherman and that God can bring strength out of weakness and wisdom out of folly. But we should pray too for the grace to be patient

with ourselves, with our own lack of progress, not, of course, to acquiesce in it, to give up trying, but to use it to make us humble and to refuse to let it induce in us a mood of despair. To accept our sinfulness, the "dark side" of our personalities, humbly, patiently is the first step toward integrity.

ST. LUKE tells how the "two men" in shining garments asked: "Why are you seeking One who is alive here among the dead?" It is a further lesson for us. Life is reborn out of death, the light is born again out of the darkness, but on condition that, while accepting the darkness, we look toward the light, while undergoing the death, we look toward the life. "My eyes always on the Lord," the psalmist says, "I have raised my eyes to the mountains, whence help comes to me." And St. Teresa tells us that too much self-examination is as bad as too little. We shall not find God if we are forever brooding over our own sins and our own weakness, concentrating on the failures of the past rather than the possibilities of the present. The past should be used to give us a deep sense of sinfulness, to make us humble, to look to God and not ourselves for strength. But our immediate concern must be to find God in the present moment, to live the present moment as best we can, and, however sordid the past, however dark the present, to look with hope to the future. To look hopefully to the future, but not to try to anticipate it. As Judas is the symbol of sterile remorse, only looking back to the past, which cannot be undone, so Mary Magdalen in this Resurrection story is a symbol of a too self-regarding impatience for the future—"Do not cling to Me thus. I have not yet gone to My Father's side." Life is to be found, and lived, in the present, with the patience implied in Christ's words about St. John: "If it is My will that he should wait till I come, what is it to Thee?"



small hanging sign invites the passerby to pause



Father Flynn is always at hand to assist or advise guests

## Christ in Washington Square

**N.Y.U. faculty and students, Catholic or not, frequent the Catholic Center where Christ waits in more ways than one**

by **CECILIA MAGUIRE**

**I**N the heart of Bohemian, up-all-night Greenwich Village, a small, hanging sign identifies a dignified, red brick building facing the south side of Washington Square Park as "The Catholic Center at New York University."

University officials had been impatient to get this sign in place as soon as the Center was established and dedicated by Cardinal Spellman in February, 1952. Rev. Timothy J. Flynn, director of the Center and counselor to N.Y.U.'s 11,000 Catholic students, was less upset over mechanical delays.

The N.Y.U. Center goes far beyond the traditional Newman Club concept. Though outstanding among Catholic centers at American secular universities in terms of program, active membership, and contacts with all strata of University life, it has enjoyed an over-all cordial reception and unqualified co-operation from University officials.

At the Center's dedication on February 6, 1952, N.Y.U.'s new Chancellor, Henry T. Heald, made his first public appearance in his present post. Accompanied by other school officials, he shared the dais with Cardinal Spell-

man and philosopher Jacques Maritain and spoke of the Center with warmth and sincerity as a valuable adjunct to campus life.

Since that day many non-Catholics, faculty and students alike, have been among hundreds of visitors to the Center, seeking information on the Catholic Church and particularly its stand concerning controversial issues of the day.

Father Flynn has co-operated with faculty members at Washington Square College and of the Religious Education Department at the School of Education in explaining Catholicism in general and particular to many groups. Often on "return engagements" he has faced a barrage of students' questions on mixed marriages, Paul Blanshard, freedom of conscience, censorship, and "thought control in the Church."

The Center's director now has professorial status at N.Y.U. and he readily accepted the University's invitation to conduct two courses in Catholic teaching there, beginning with the fall term last year.

New York University, the largest pri-

vately supported educational institution in the world, also has the largest Catholic student body of any nonsectarian university. Organization among the university's Catholics is not new. N.Y.U.'s Newman Club was established in March, 1915, and ever since has been taking care of the schooltime spiritual needs of undergraduates.

But with so large a Catholic contingent, this was not enough, in the view of New York Archdiocesan leaders. What about the hundreds of graduate and night students, Catholic faculty and staff?

During the summer of 1951, representatives of the Archdiocese and University officials met and discussed the possibilities of a Catholic Center at N.Y.U. Little difficulty was anticipated on physical arrangements. The Archdiocese already had title to an on-campus building, 69 Washington Square South, formerly Our Lady of Mercy School, complete with chapel and spacious interior.

The major consideration was the role such a Center would play in the life of the University. Representatives of the Church pointed out that their major purpose was to serve N.Y.U. by providing a stationary site where the Catholic viewpoint could be explored on a scientific and objective basis.

Non-Catholic students, faculty, and staff would be welcome in the Center on their own terms, whether to gain in-





*The Center's 2500-volume library is popular with visitors*



*Cardinal Spellman blessed and encouraged the Center*

formation and inspiration or simply to share in its informal atmosphere.

University officials were receptive. They indicated the Center would have their approval and their co-operation. Redecoration of the building's interior, to include the office, lounge, library, kitchen, and recreation room, was launched in September, 1951, and completed less than five months later.

As a headquarters, the new Center was a meeting place for the existent Newman Club exclusively for only three weeks. On February 26, the Catholic Evening Students' Association was formed at the Center—a constantly growing group of mature, professional people, interested in frequent meetings at "69" to thrash out their own spiritual and intellectual problems.

In April, N.Y.U.'s Catholic Law students met at the Center to set up the Saint Thomas More Legal Society, formulating their own program of extracurricular activities relevant to the legal profession.

The following month saw the birth of the Center's First Friday Club. The University's Catholic staff members, who receive Holy Communion in a body on the first Friday of each month, meet often for seminars and discussions and sponsor socials for the University's Catholic employees.

Mass is celebrated every schoolday morning at 8:30, and public recitation of the rosary is in the chapel each class day at noon. An additional Mass is said on holydays of obligation at 12:15 P.M. Lenten services include daily Masses at 8:30 and 12:15 and Stations of the Cross every Friday at 5:15 P.M.

The chapel is always open to visitors of all faiths, as well as to busy students

who are in and out through the day for visits between classes. There is a roster of faithful servers, from among the students and a choir whose members make rehearsals despite heavy scholastic programs.

Outstanding in the physical equipment of the Center is a library of books by and of the leading Catholic thinkers of the day. Books in the Catholic Center library were catalogued recently in the unit file of the University's main library.

Father Flynn points out that the Center's modern facilities and the Archdiocese's excellent intention would mean nothing without the co-operation and good example of N.Y.U.'s Catholic students.

There is no quarrel with that angle. Members of all the Center's organizations are enthusiastically interested in their Faith and their club, devoted in their chapel attendance, and intelligent in their discussions with others inside the Center and out. When the University added two courses in Catholic teaching at Washington Square College, Father Flynn, understandably, wondered if enrollment in them would justify the precedent. But registration had to be closed before the deadline on enrollment because an overflow of applicants could not be accommodated.

For the two summers of its existence, the Center has had a special program for Catholic students in between-term attendance at N.Y.U. Recognized lecturers were brought in to discuss for them issues-in-the-news like public and private education, Catholic novelists, the Church's so-called "color line," the modern theater, and the Church under Communist China.

More and more lectures by intellectual and spiritual leaders, usually well attended, are among the Center's plans for the future. Its circulating library and periodical section will be augmented. In addition to his own consultative services, Father Flynn sees the informative printed and spoken word as of paramount importance to the Center's continued success.

"The Catholic Faith has an intellectual content," he stresses, "and it is entitled to a hearing when an inquiring mind makes a demand on it. And among people of every faith, our aim will be to counteract the false but popular impression that the Church is obscurantist, reactionary, or superconservative."

Convinced that recreation and fun are vital to sound mental and physical health, Father Flynn will expand the Center's social life—its informal receptions for overseas students, parties, dances, and amateur theatricals.

Proud of the fact that his Center reaches into all facets of University life, the director makes it clear that the Newman Club has an important role to play at the University.

"The traditional Newman Club concept has been to preserve the faith of Catholic students studying in secular colleges," he points out. "In view of the indifferentism and hostility toward religion in some secular colleges, this has been no mean task. However, particularly in view of the large number of Catholics attending secular universities, and the intellectual challenge to the Faith presented in them, a wider concept is called for. The Catholic Center at N.Y.U. attempts to follow that wider calling."

# THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Prayers After Mass

*What is the origin of the prayers in English which are said after Mass?* —H. McT., ANDOVER, MASS.

As far back as 1859, special prayers after Mass were ordered by Pius IX. These prayers were obligatory only within the Papal States and because of the emergency existing there at that time. In 1884, a good many years after the seizure of Rome, Leo XIII extended those prayers of obligation to the Church at large and attached to their recitation an indulgence of 300 days. In reference to His Holiness, Leo XIII, they are known as the "Leonine prayers." In 1904, Pius X recommended the invocation to the Sacred Heart and granted an indulgence of seven years. In 1930, Pius XI directed that the Leonine prayers be offered for Russia. As an inducement to the faithful to remain in church until the conclusion of these prayers, the Vicar of Christ increased the indulgence from 300 days to 10 years. To gain the indulgences, the prayers must be said earnestly, while kneeling, and after having attended Mass. It was the mind of His Holiness that the faithful be reminded frequently of the urgent purpose of these prayers.



## Religious Etiquette

*At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, should the congregation bless themselves, bow, or adore with eyes uplifted?* —R. D., RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, those present are blessed by Our Lord in Person, in the form of a cross. Hence, it is appropriate to acknowledge that blessing by making the sign of the cross, just as we do when receiving the blessing of the priest at Mass. Either to bow or to adore with eyes uplifted is also proper.

## Sunday Problem

*What with distance from church, and two babies who have to follow feeding and napping schedules, my husband and I can't both manage to attend Sunday Mass. Are we wrong?* —R. C., GLEN BURNIE, MD.

Your problem is so typical of countless similar ones that, nowadays, many churches are providing "crying rooms" of one type or another. This convenience is especially necessary in new housing developments, where the majority of the parishioners are young couples with infants. Some pastors have set apart a room on the premises of church or rectory, and provide sitters. Others have planned a glass enclosed room, adjacent to the main part of the church, where parents may attend Mass.

From the many details you have outlined, you are sin-

cere in trying to solve the problem. Apparently, you do not have a car, or at least both of you do not drive—else you could go to church one at a time. Were you to attend a later Mass, you might find a "slept out" neighbor who would mind the babies. If no such arrangement be practicable, then there is ample excuse "for the duration" for either you or your husband to omit Sunday Mass. One good reason is the "crying sprees" of junior.

## Fit to Print

*Am a senior high school teacher. Where can I find a list of modern books which are inadvisable reading for students?* —L. McC., NUTLEY, N. J.

The nearest approach to an ideal guide is the list published by The National Organization for Decent Literature. The NODL list includes objectionable comics, magazines, and digested books, and is obtainable from The Catholic Action Council of Catholic Women, 506 S. Wabash Av., Chicago 5, Ill.

"Of the making of books there is no end." For a thorough analysis of current output, we depend upon the book review services of Catholic publications, no one of which can afford space for complete coverage. That fact, coupled with the very many inquiries along this line which we receive, points the need for syndicating a guide list of what is fit and unfit to read. The same need is true of TV programs. However, any benefit to be hoped for from syndicated lists is based on the assumption that at least our Catholic parents and teachers patronize their diocesan papers.

## Disposal

*How should one dispose of religious articles which have been blessed, but which have been broken or otherwise spoiled beyond repair?* —M. C., CANTON, O.

To avoid any possible irreverence and to eliminate useless clutter, burn any such articles in the incinerator. If there be reason to renew holy water, dispose of the old supply in the same way, or by pouring it on the ground in an untraveled area.

## Please Unravel

*In a doctor's office, I met up with THE SIGN. To me, the Catholic religion seems very complicated at times. Please unravel this snarl. A man, baptized but not brought up as a Catholic, married a divorcee in a civil ceremony. Having divorced her, he married a Catholic girl before a justice of the peace. Couldn't they have been married by the priest?* —L. M., BOONTON, N. J.

Even though the young man and the Catholic girl "got into trouble," it is too bad they attempted marriage before the

justice. They could have been married before a priest, for the simple reason that the man's previous attempt at marriage was invalid. It was invalid on two counts—marrying a divorcee and in a civil ceremony. Even now, the marriage can be rectified. Prevail upon them, if you can, to present themselves to their parish priest, or to an official of the matrimonial board at the Bishop's office, for proper instruction and for the validation of their marriage. They owe this to themselves and to the expected child.

You are correct—whether good or bad, whether representative or unrepresentative, "once a Catholic, always a Catholic." The young man in this case was bound to the Catholic form of marriage, not because of a Catholic upbringing or lack of it, but because of his Catholic baptism.

### Warless Dreamland

*To take a human life unnecessarily is murder. How, then, can the Church maintain there is such a thing as a just war, when war is not the only means of settling disputes among nations?*—D. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

To kill a human being unnecessarily is to kill unjustly and is a crime against the Lord of Life and Death, against the victim and the human family. To kill men under wartime conditions is all the more serious, because those engaged in combat have no way of telling the state of soul of those whom they catapult into eternity. All of which adds up to a terrible responsibility on the part of those who foment or declare war and to the conclusion that war is justifiable only as a last-ditch resort.

Ideally and as a matter of principle, war should never be necessary; "might doesn't make right"; but practically speaking, from Old Testament times onward, might is only too often the only workable means of defending rights. In any case of unjust aggression, the individual, the family or the nation is entitled—even obliged in justice as well as charity—to self-defense. Not to resort to armed self-defense would be equivalent to passive suicide. Whoever thinks that the UN—any more than the League of Nations—will guarantee a warless peace is a hopeless idealist, for the simple reason that men who are ignorant of or who snub the Fatherhood of God will not respect the Brotherhood of Man.

### Eucharistic Bread Only

*Why do we not receive the Blood of Christ in the Eucharist under the form of wine?*—P. W., SCRANTON, PA.

The practice of receiving the Eucharistic Christ under the form of bread only, which prevails throughout most of the Catholic Church, is misunderstood by non-Catholics and, as you say, is a puzzle to some Catholics. The gist of the Catholic position is well expressed by the Council of Trent, to this effect: Lay people—and the clergy when not celebrating Mass—are not obliged by any divine precept to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist under both kinds; nor can it be doubted that Communion under either kind is sufficient for salvation.

There are two reasons for Catholic practice: one is a matter of convenience; the other, a point of doctrine. In distributing Holy Communion, especially to many people and within a very limited time, there would be serious danger of spilling the Precious Blood; particularly in summer time and in certain climates, it would be a problem to reserve the Blessed Sacrament under the form of wine; the expense of so much wine would often be prohibitive and is unnecessary; and there is always the danger of contagion, which would deter many from partaking of the same Eucharistic cup. No one of these reasons, nor all of them together would suffice to justify the distribution of the Eucharist

under the form of bread only, were it not for the point of doctrine involved.

It is easy to see that we cannot receive the Holy Eucharist under one form—either bread or wine—without receiving Our Lord in His entirety—Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. There was only one brief period in the mortal career of Christ, when Body, Blood, and Soul were separated—from the moment of death until the moment of resurrection. Prior to that period and ever since, the words "This is My Body," effect the Presence of the living Christ, of Christ as He is in His normal entirety—Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity. If, under the appearance of bread, only His Body were present, and if under the appearance of wine, only His Blood were present, there would be an impossible disunion among the elements of the living Christ—He would be alive and dead at the same time! A living body bespeaks blood, soul—and in this unique case, Divinity also. Hence, regardless of the particular guise of human nourishment, whether that of food or of drink, whether bread or wine, it suffices to receive either—provided Our Lord has stated, "This is My Body," or "This is My Blood."

True, Our Lord did, on occasion, refer to both Body and Blood together: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." (John 6:54) No direct, explicit mention is made of His Soul and Divinity, but obviously, both are understood, although indirectly, implicitly. For that matter, Our Lord also said: "He that eateth this Bread shall live forever."

(John 6:59) The Apostle Paul warns us: "Whoever shall eat . . . or drink . . . unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and the Blood of the Lord." (1 Cor. 11:27)



Although Holy Communion under the form of bread and wine was the general custom in the Church for the first twelve centuries—and still is in the Church of the East—there are many instances on record from the earliest times of its reception under the form of bread only. For example, such was the practice during the original persecutions; St. Ambrose and St. Basil received Viaticum in that way; on Good Friday, the celebrant receives only the consecrated Host.

### Unwed Mother

*Is there a Catholic place where an unwed mother can have her baby? Or would it be a sin to have the baby while I'm not married? Because the father of my baby is non-Catholic, my parents forbid our marriage. Am seventeen and need advice desperately.*—J. K., HOPEWELL, N. J.

We recommend that, personally or through some other reliable party, you submit your inquiry to The Catholic Welfare Bureau of your diocese, at 55 N. Clinton Av., Trenton, N. J. They will advise you as to the nearest maternity hospital under Catholic auspices.

There are three possible solutions of your problem—not to have the baby at all, to marry the baby's father, or not to marry him. Not to have the baby would involve abortion, which is out-and-out murder. Furthermore, an aborted infant is deprived of baptism and, therefore, of the fullness of everlasting happiness in heaven. Hence, that "way out" is out of the question. In no way will it be sinful for you to give birth to your baby while unmarried, unless there be a more promising solution of the problem.

It goes without saying that you should not have engaged in dangerous company keeping—especially with a non-Catholic and while too young to be married without the legal



consent of your parents. Since the Church disapproves and merely tolerates a mixed marriage, so too, consistently, the Church disapproves company keeping which paves the way for such a marriage. But to come to grips with your problem as it exists here and now, we cannot give cut and dried advice, for you have left us in the dark as to too many "if's" and "maybe's."

There are several angles to be considered by your parents as well as by yourself. The father of your child might enter the Church as a convinced convert. Even by way of a mixed marriage within the Church, he might become a faithful husband and father. In view of what has happened, the prospects of a successful marriage call for a good deal of calm thought. We do not advise that you marry him. Possibly, you are well rid of him. But we do wish to point out that, despite what has happened, a blessed marriage between you and him is not to be brushed off as impossible or absurd. You would not be the first two to make "a go of it" as a married couple, in the same circumstances, in the eyes of God. You and your parents should keep in mind that, even after pregnancy, marriage bespeaks a legitimate child. And, a promisingly happy marriage augurs for that child a normal home. You need shrewd advice from those who know thoroughly both you and the young man.

### Timing Easter: Neighbors

a) How come we can receive Holy Communion on Holy Saturday—a day before the anniversary of Our Lord's resurrection? b) Please send some information about the Passionist Fathers.—M. T., TORONTO, CANADA.

a) Our Lord did not arise from the tomb of death until Sunday, "the first day of the week," and it was "late that same day, the first of the week," when He appeared to His disciples. (John 20:1, 19) Holy Saturday is the vigil of Easter Sunday, and the lengthy ceremonies of the vigil are a prelude to the observance of Resurrection Sunday. Until the ninth century, the blessing of the new fire and paschal candle, the singing of the Old Testament prophecies, the blessing of the baptismal font, and the chanting of the Litany of the Saints used to take place throughout Holy Saturday night, coming to a climax early in the morning with the first Mass of Easter. The Mass assigned for Sunday is really the second Easter Mass. But in the course of time, the Saturday ceremonies were moved ahead to the early morning hours. Since the so-called Saturday Mass is really the first Mass of the Resurrection, we are entitled to receive Holy Communion on that occasion.

b) You might consult your public library, or a Catholic college library, for a copy of *The Passionists* by Felix Ward, C.P., or write to THE SIGN for a pamphlet biography of St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists. A new monastery, dedicated to St. Gabriel, a Passionist student for the priesthood, was recently established in your neighborhood—at Sheppard Avenue, East.

### St. Aurora: St. Dymphna

a) Am upset to learn from "The Sign Post" of June that my name—Aurora—is not that of a saint; b) Am in urgent need of novena literature or a medal of St. Dymphna, referred to in August issue.—A. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

a) In June, we stated: "We have searched diligently, but to the best of our present knowledge, Aurora . . . has never been dignified as the name of a saint." Thanks to a reader of THE SIGN from Havana, Cuba, we have learned that Aurora is a popular patron among Spanish families, and is the name of a virgin and martyr, whose feast day is observed on August 13.

b) The official book of indulgenced prayers for the Church at large, known as *The Raccolta*, lists no prayer to the patroness of those who are afflicted mentally. However, such a prayer is not essential for a novena; instead, you can pray the "Our Father" or "Hail Mary" or some other approved prayer to Our Lord or Our Lady, in honor of St. Dymphna.

### Study Club Debate

*Our study club, including several converts, has a problem. In my country—Brazil—I always understood that at the time of Our Lady's Annunciation and conception, Mary and Joseph were already married, and not merely betrothed. Is there an appropriate feast day in the Catholic calendar?—L. T., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.*

By betrothal, we understand an engagement to marry. Among the Jews, there was an obligation for all men to marry; not so, all women. Although the average age for a man's engagement and marriage ran from eighteen to twenty-four, that of the girl was between twelve and thirteen. The impression that Joseph was an elderly man is unfounded. Usually, about a year intervened between betrothal and marriage. From the time of engagement onward, the parties were referred to as husband and wife; if the man died before marriage, the girl was considered a widow. The betrothal ceremonies were elaborate; that of the marriage, simple.

It is clear from the gospel accounts that the order of events was as follows: betrothal, annunciation of Mary's Motherhood of God and her miraculous conception, then marriage. In St. Luke we read: "The angel Gabriel was sent from God. . . to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph." (1:26, 27) Whereupon, Mary made haste to visit her cousin Elizabeth, with whom she sojourned for three months. Upon her return to Nazareth, St. Joseph realized that his spouse was with child. To reassure him to proceed with the final formality of marriage, the angel addressed him: "Joseph. . . fear not to take unto thee Mary (as) thy wife." (Matt. 1:20) The espousals of Mary and Joseph are commemorated by a special Mass, January 23.



### Past Sin: Present Doubt

*Years ago, I committed a mortal sin. Recently, I have had doubts as to whether I confessed the sin fully. Is a general confession necessary, or is the sin forgiven?—T. W., W. HARTFORD, CONN.*

If, years ago, you made a sacramental declaration of the mortal sin according to your knowledge at that time, the sin was definitely forgiven. Neither your guilt nor your sincerity of confession, as of years ago, should be estimated by fuller knowledge which you have since acquired. A general confession is inadvisable, unless you have serious reason to doubt your sincerity in the past. However, it can happen that circumstances "make a bad matter worse." For example, a sin against the Sixth Commandment may involve a married person, or a relative, or may have been committed in a sacred place, such as a church; stealing from a very poor person is a much more serious theft than it would otherwise be. Hence, with a view to thoroughness of confession and peace of conscience, it is advisable to mention any such serious circumstances, on the occasion of your next confession. It is quite possible that, at the time you committed the sin, you adverted to such angles, but did not realize the need of specifying circumstances with a view to the integrity of your confession.



At NATO's own college in Paris, top civilian and military brass of 14 nations are forging a weapon called "cooperation" that may mean death to disruptive nationalism



Alamy Photos

## ***Back to School for Top NATO Bosses***

● Generals, admirals, and high civilian officials attached to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization headquarters in Paris are sweating it out like ordinary GI's at NATO's own college at France's *Ecole Militaire*. Organized under President Eisenhower while he was still heading the NATO defense forces, the school is one of the means which the fourteen affiliated nations are using to share information, establish a basis for common strategical operations in case of war, and rub off some of the sharp edges of nationalism which have blocked unification of Western Europe.

These civilian and military leaders attend classes, seminars, take notes, and do homework just like students at an ordinary college. But there's a big difference in the curriculum. The courses completed, the leaders can return to their own countries with a better knowledge of Europe's present situation in the cold war and a deeper sense of the solidarity of free nations.



Honor guard of French Spahis drawn up along entrance to *Ecole Militaire*, where NATO brass go to school.



Scottish kilts, Army khaki and Navy blue mingle together in school lobby during a break in classes.



Detailed maps of Europe and the world are basic tools for generals and admirals at NATO College.

## A SIGN PICTURE STORY

School's out. Like students everywhere, NATO men are relieved when day is done.



Coffee and discussion go together at college, even when subject is high strategy.

Glitter of stars, bars, ribbons and brass sets military men off from civilians in this formal portrait of college's students. Ranking officer, Field Marshal Montgomery, is at front row, center.

THE SIGN





NATO courses cover whole life of Europe, including economics. These charts show gold reserves of world.



Commander of the college, right, discusses knotty administrative problem with two civilian aides.





# Angels don't have b

With childlike faith, Chris accepted his Guardian Angel's existence. And with wisdom far beyond his years he made another discovery

**O**CTOBER is the month of the Guardian Angels.

One day, when Chris was almost four, I told him about his guardian angel.

He was charmed. "Everywhere I go?" he asked, hardly daring to believe.

"Everywhere."

"And never goes away, cross your heart?"

"Never," I assured him.

"But, Mom, I can't ever hear my angel talking to me."

"Oh, but you can. You know sometimes when you're thinking about doing something naughty, a little, little inside voice says, 'Don't do it. Please don't do it.' That's your angel."

"Gee," he breathed, eyes all misty. "I never knew *who* that was."

"Yes. And when you're doing something good that you really don't want to do, the same tiny voice whispers, 'Oh, I'm so glad!' That's . . ."

"My angel," he shouted happily, pointing a finger at me. Then sat think-

ing, hugging himself, rocking a little. But soon his eyes narrowed.

Doubts, I thought. Here it comes.

He went over to the wall and pressed his shoulders hard against it. "He can't be in back of me now. There isn't any room." He dropped to his knees and lowered his head to the floor. "How can he talk in my ear when I'm upside down?" Hungry voice, though. Hungry, troubled eyes begging for an answer in which he could believe.

"Angels," I said, "can stay with you even when there isn't any room. Even when you're upside down."

"How come?" Chris was as coldly impartial as a scientist now, prepared to reject the whole business of angels if I didn't make this good.

Saint Thomas Aquinas, I implored. Then realized that Aquinas was too big a man for the job. Anything he could help me remember from my Metaphysics classes would surely be over the head of a boy not quite four.

"Well . . . God made angels magic."

"Oh!", eyes flooded with mist again. Chris understood about magic. Magic was easy for him to accept. "Sure," relief choked him. "That's what about angels. They're magic."

There are, though, I discovered in the next few days, complications to having an acknowledged angel in the house.

The next morning, using an undershirt on which he had smeared a blob of softened butter, Chris polished the living room furniture. "I cleaned your house," he told me with trumpets of pride blowing through his voice. "Just like my angel said."

The following afternoon, his angel prodded him to rearrange the food on the refrigerator shelves. When a dozen eggs crashed on the floor, Chris assured me with a beatific smile, "It were only an accident."

But never mind. Three days in a row, he obliged his angel by finishing every last, cold, lumpy bite of his oatmeal.



# e bones

by CARMEN LUND

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

*There are complications  
to having an acknowledged  
angel in the house*

Whenever I called him, he came on the double, head cocked sideways, listening to the whispered praises of his angel. And each time I suggested it was time to pick up his toys, Chris started in a fury of action, lagged, went into muttered conference, then gave way graciously to his angel's coaxing—not quitting until the last block was back on the closet floor.

On about the fourth morning of the angel's reign, I was washing dishes near an open window. Chris and his friend, Billy, were out back playing in the sandbox.

I knew the angel was on duty because, although Billy insisted upon keeping the sand dredger, the shovel and all the tin molds for himself, Chris protested the unequal division of playthings in a voice so gentle I couldn't catch his words.

I leaned against the sink, straining to hear. Still, I could grasp only the patient, persuasive murmuring of his

voice. Then Billy's "No. I had them first."

Chris' soft, unintelligible dialectics again.

Billy's unequivocal "No!" once more. Then . . . "ALL RIGHT, ANGEL!" No trouble hearing that blast from Chris. "You've been riding around on my back all morning, talking and talking. Now Be Quiet. GET OFF! I'm gonna be a BAD BOY."

A shriek, like a banner unfurled, streamed across the yard toward Billy's house—toward Billy's Mamma.

Punched, I concluded, in the nose.

Chris rushed through the doorway, flung himself against me. "My angel," he sobbed. "He's gone. I made him go away."

"Hush Chris," I knelt to hold him. "Your angel didn't go away. Stop crying and listen. Hush and listen."

Talk to him, please, I begged his angel. After all, Billy was pretty mean about the toys.

Gradually, Chris' sobbing quieted. He listened. Long he listened. Then suddenly his eyes widened. His head tipped to the side. His lips moved. He nodded. He grinned. "Still there," he announced finally. "Still right there."

He walked slowly around the kitchen, touching things. He came back to stand in front of me. "Angels can't talk all the time," he chided me gently.

"No, I guess not."

"Because the way people is, people won't even listen *sometimes*."

He bent to tug at his socks. Stood tall again. "And the way people is, that's why God sends magic angels without any bones. If they had bones, they'd hurt themselves jumping out of the way when people won't listen and start to do something bad. God," he took a deep breath, "is pretty smart, you know."

"He sure is," I hugged my son.

Then I looked over Chris' shoulder. Metaphysics, I boasted to his angel, and he isn't even four yet!



# Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

**B**ISHOP Fulton Sheen and his "Life Is Worth Living" series will return to the Dumont television network Tuesday, Oct. 13, in the 8:00 to 8:30 P.M. spot still under the sponsorship of Admiral Television.

His Excellency's current contract calls for what may be the most extensive hook-up of any TV program to date—132 stations on a regular weekly basis.

It might be noted here that Father James Keller's Christopher movement series, "What One Person Can Do," will be on about 165 stations by mid-October, just in case you feel a smidgin of competition is a healthy thing. Father Keller's programs work out somewhat differently from Bishop Sheen's, however, and show once-a-week, twice (or more) a week or once every two weeks, depending on the individual station's schedule.

I leave it to you, then, to decide which of the two is the kingpin of television, because I plain old refuse to deliver a decision this time.

"Life Is Worth Living" debuted on Dumont in February, 1952, over a three-station network and, at the close of last season, it was seen on 75 outlets and had an estimated viewing audience of nearly 25,000,000 weekly!

Directed toward people of all religious denominations, the program drew about 8,000 letters a week, about half from non-Catholics, and earned some of TV's top awards.

## Voice of the South

Among the pillars of commercial Broadcasting in this country are stations KDKA, in Pittsburgh; WLW, in Cincinnati; WOR, in New York; and WWL, in New Orleans, which recently turned into its thirty-fifth year.

WWL is owned by Loyola University of the South, and, although the station wasn't "born" until 1923, the Jesuits of Loyola, who run both the university

and the station, were working on radio in New Orleans as early as 1907, when Father Anthony Kunkel astounded the city by erecting a receiving aerial on the University (then the College of the Immaculate Conception) grounds and picking up wireless messages.

Soon, Father Kunkel was sending as well as receiving, but World War I and a lack of money delayed the building of a regular commercial station until a retired sea captain gave the Jesuits four hundred dollars. With this money, considerable old wire, lumber, and Jesuit ingenuity, WWL went on the air with the magnificent power of ten watts (less than a household light bulb) on March 31, 1923, as John McCormack sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" on record.

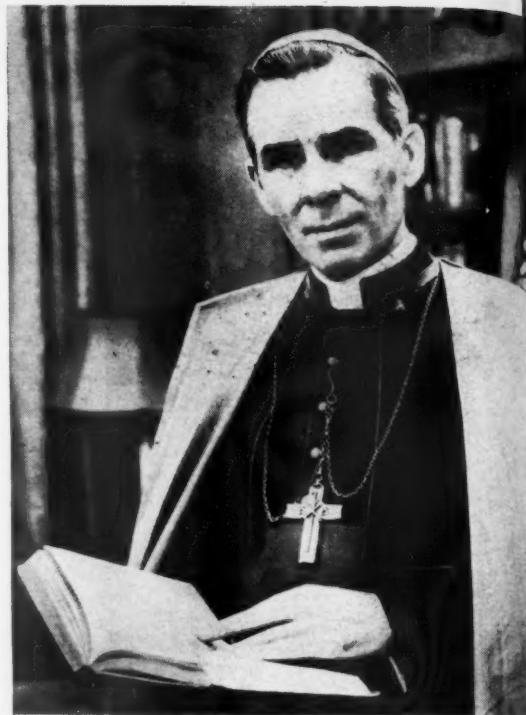
Since that time, WWL talent has contributed much to broadcasting in this country and has included some of the biggest names in the industry, the Boswell Sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Healy, and Marguerite Piazza, among many others.

From a four hundred dollar enterprise thirty years ago, the station has grown to a \$1,000,000-a-year business, with its programming picked up direct in every state in the Union.

Its weekly broadcasts of Sunday Mass from Holy Name Church in New Orleans are heard by more of the faithful on any Sunday morning than attend St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York during the course of the entire year!

## The Late Mr. Young

Broadcasting lost a valuable star in Roland Young, who died recently at a not-too-advanced age.



Bishop Sheen's TV debut was made over a three-station network. This month he returns on a 132-station hook.

The shy, little man, who hated being recognized on the street, was best known for his work in motion pictures, of course, but was a veteran of radio and was gradually finding his way in television, which he also hated.

"Revoltin'" was the word he used. In the beginning of his association with TV, Young familiarized himself with it through the usual informal, off-the-cuff interviews and, from these, went to easy roles in dramatic productions.

He reached a high-point in television, I thought, when he once appeared as a vocalist with a band in what was a complete surprise, even to most of the musicians.

Young was a dreadful singer, but that wasn't the idea.

The bit constituted a nice piece of off-beat comedy, at which Young was a master in pictures and on radio, and, had he found the right story line, I'm sure he would have repeated the success on television.

Two others of the same vintage and of equally impressive talents who are also forever lost to television are W. C. Fields and Robert Benchley.

The mere thought of the highly expressive faces of either on the TV screen is enough to inspire all sorts of wonderful, hilarious fancies.

Can't you just imagine Benchley doing his famous "Treasurer's Report" on television?

A riot, no less!

Or, can't you just imagine a skit in which the fabulous Mr. Fields would haggle horsely with some bartender over the price of a "short beer?"

I'm holding my sides.

### Story of the Year

In spite of the great, big, wonderful season ahead for television, I have the feeling that the broadcasting story of 1953-54, at least within the industry, will be the resurgence of radio.

Not that radio has ever really been dead, but a lot of people have thought it has been, and sometimes that amounts to the same thing.

Actually, radio sets have been outselling TV receivers from the very beginning of television's appearance on the public scene, but the more spectacular nature of the visual medium has caused it to grab all the space in the newspapers and magazines, which is entirely understandable.

There are now some 120,000,000 radios in working order in the United States, and another 5,000,000 will be sold and put to work between now and January 1, with the current total distributed among about 45,000,000 homes (30,000,000 of these have two or more sets), and about 27,000,000 in automobiles, not to mention hotels, restaurants, and business and service establishments. These figures mean radio now covers better than 98 per cent of American homes.

Commercially, this kind of near-saturation coverage is just too good to pass up, and the networks will really get to work on it this year.

CBS and ABC have already begun, and NBC is increasing the competitive heat day by day.

NBC radio, in fact, under the direction of a young genius named Ted Cott, could furnish the radio story of the year all by itself, and it probably will.

Watch NBC this year. Watch for a flood of new programs and all sorts of innovations. In another six months NBC radio—and all radio because of what NBC will do—will be the talk of the industry.

### In Brief

A new television receiver called "Trio-Pronic Hi-Fi" is ready to hit the market. Wheeee! And Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum! . . . Ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his wife expect their second soon. . . . Sportscaster Mel Allen's new book, a collection of sports anecdotes, will be titled "How About That?" . . . Gene Raymond will be the new host on "The

Fireside Theater" series during the coming season. . . . The Metropolitan Opera reportedly wants to present a full-length opera once a month on TV this coming season. . . . Jr. members of the Civil Air Patrol, working with the Civilian Defense Air Warning System, have been furnished with two-way radios for their bikes. Civilian Defense eventually wants the 21,000,000 bicyclists in this country to be so equipped as a part of the national defense effort. Not a bad idea.

The Department of Commerce says the American public spent in excess of \$476,000,000 for radio and TV repairs during 1952, which is more than was spent in the same year on the theater, opera, professional football, baseball, and hockey, college football, bowling, horse and dog track admissions, and amusement parks. . . . Sales of TV receivers in France, long lagging, have finally begun to boom. Although there

are now about 70,000 sets operating in that country (about 45,000 legally, about 35,000 illegally), about 300,000 are expected to be in operation by January 1. . . . Edmund Lowe, the TV columnist-detective, is better after his recent heart attack. . . . ABC-TV will telecast three Broadway plays to some 40 or 50 theaters throughout the land this fall. Selections won't be announced until later but ticket prices will be \$2.40. . . . Best speech fluff in years happened to announcer Ben Hunter, of West Coast radio, recently. Hunter's tongue got detoured and he called it "Betty Crocker's green split poo seep" . . . Walt Disney bows on TV with a regular series January 1 and the series is said to be one of the most costly ever launched.

Bishop Fulton Sheen's "Life Is Worth Living", out in book form any week, will be a collection of some of his best radio and TV scripts.



**TEACHER'S PETS**—Eve Arden, America's favorite TV and radio schoolteacher, gets two of her own brood back to school



**QUICK, WATSON, A CLUE**—Tom Conway, brother of George Sanders, is "Inspector Mark Saber" in the ABC-TV series

**MUSIC MAKER**—Bobby Sherwood, orchestra leader and songwriter, has found new career as madcap disc jockey on ABC radio



**KUKLAPOLITANS THREE**—"Kukla, Fran and Ollie," lovable trio, appear this season with all the Kuklapolitans on NBC-TV





*Snide, demagogic Aneurin Bevan, a Socialist with a vitriolic tongue, leads British anti-Americanism*

*European Photos*

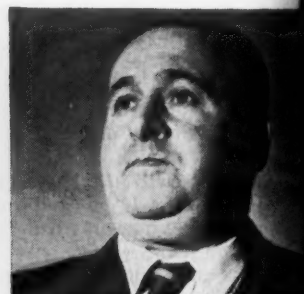
## ***Bevan Doesn't Like Uncle Sam***

Nye Bevan's bald appeals to latent British nationalism are behind the increased tensions between Britain and America, which are growing at a time when the West looks to both nations for enlightened and co-operative leadership

**by J. K. ADAIR**



*Bevanite Harold Wilson thinks Russia can supply the answers*



*Will Lawther, mine leader, helps fight Bevanism*

**P**ARADOX piles upon paradox in this irrational age. The wave of nationalism that is sweeping Africa, the Middle East, and Asia has begun to engulf even Great Britain. Iran has her Kashani, the Gold Coast her Nkrumah, and Britain has her Bevan. In many of these countries Britain is the whipping boy, but thanks to Laborite Aneurin Bevan the United States has been given that position in Britain.

For the British working man today anti-Americanism and Bevanism are synonymous. Although unconcerned about most matters in the international sphere, he is sure of two things—that he is pro-Bevan and anti-American. Thus, when Bevan says that the eco-

nomie and fiscal policies of the United States are doing more damage to Western Europe than Russia can ever do, he is not speaking for himself alone, but for a sizable proportion of the country.

To understand this attitude it is imperative to understand Bevan and what he stands for.

To begin with, Bevan is not a Communist. Indeed he has of late denounced various international Communist events such as the Peace Congress and the treatment of the East Germans, and, in the event of his becoming Prime Minister, he proposes to deal firmly with the Communists.

But Bevan is counting noses; he has discovered that there are more noses to

be found in his camp when he follows the party line. The classic example of this is his famous "vermin" speech. Bevan never actually called the Tories vermin. He simply referred to the callous behavior of one welfare officer he knew in earlier years. The word "Tory" was never mentioned. The press, however, delightedly misquoted him as stating that all the Tories were lower than vermin, and the popular response was such that Bevan today proudly claims that he actually said it. This illustrates that the British labor trend to the left has made Bevan, rather than Bevan having made the trend.

Many cleverer men than Nye Bevan have labored under the delusion that

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they could use the Communists to gain their own ends and then discard them at will. Bevan need only look at history to see what his own end would be.

The right wing leadership of the Trade Unions is deeply perturbed by Bevanism. Mr. Arthur Deakin, of the Transport and General Workers, Sir William Lawther, president of the Mineworkers Union, and Mr. Tom Williamson, general secretary of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, are the three big guns in the trade union world most concerned over the disastrous effect of Bevanism within the Labor Party and within the rank-and-file of the trade unions. These three men, representing three of the most powerful unions in the country, are today actively engaged in a war to oust the Bevanites from the Labor Party executive. Their first move was the nomination of Herbert Morrison as party treasurer. Morrison was swept off the executive last year by a triumphant wave of Bevanism. But how long Lawther, Deakin, and Williamson will be able to dominate the T.U.C. and the Labor Party remains to be seen. The Morrison maneuver has already caused such criticism among the Party's rank-and-file that it may be abandoned and

scenes by the Deakinites, further nationalization proposals were embodied in the document. Both sides are preparing for the final struggle on this issue during the Labor Party Convention at the end of September in Margate. Already, thirty resolutions have been tabled, mainly from local Labor Parties asking for more wholesale nationalization than is embodied in the draft program.

Some of the strongest of the right-wing trade union leadership would appear to be out of step with the rank-and-file of the workers. Labor's term of office developed a sense of responsibility in the leadership of the party and necessitated a facing of at least some facts, whereas the left wing of the party has never faced reality. This division has led to the divorce of sound trade union leadership from the workers, a fact that is capitalized by the Communists, who raise up unofficial leadership whenever possible.

When Sir Will Lawther thundered that "Bevan was a man with his feet in Moscow and his eyes on No. 10 Downing Street," it was only a matter of hours before the Scottish mineworkers, whose president, Abe Moffatt, is industrial advisor to the Communist

tingoistic nationalism that is sweeping Britain. "Britain for the British" is reminiscent of the very cry that is disturbing Britain abroad—"Asia for the Asians."

Bevan's stirring oratory and magnetic personality have touched the stream of deep frustration and resentment in the heart of the ordinary man, who is tired of waiting for the millenium. The Attleeites have been too slow for him, and now at last Bevan is giving him a yoke to throw off—the United States.

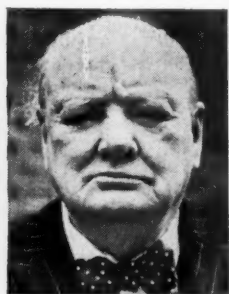
**H**IS greatest appeal lies in his enumeration of faults of others. He plays on emotionalism, but he lacks any political philosophy. His cry that America is flag-ridden by fears—"fear of war, fear of unemployment, fear of peace"—is, perhaps, almost as great a piece of projection as that of the elderly spinster who, having celebrated the New Year with her sister, remarked: "My dear, you are drunk, you've got two noses."

Human nature hates to face the possibility that perhaps the trouble may be upon its own doorstep; so Bevan gets much support in his fingerpointing, and sooner or later he manages to lay every wrong at America's door.

"America's influence in Japan has



**Laborite Herbert Morrison is anti-Bevan candidate**



**Even Churchill bends with leftist breezes**



**Tom Williamson, left, and Arthur Deakin, anti-Bevan union leaders, clasp hands with friend at Margate Congress in '48**

an attempt made to change the Constitution and thus place Morrison on the executive.

**T**HE T.U.C. itself is sharply divided on Bevanism. There are only eleven unions in Britain whose membership exceeds 100,000. Of these eleven, at least four, with a total membership of 14 million, have strong Bevanite leanings.

At the T.U.C. conference last year, although Deakin and his friends won their resolutions on wage restraint and rearmament, they were defeated by over a million votes on the issue of nationalization. More nationalization is the main Bevanite plank. The far-reaching result of that defeat is apparent in the Socialist Party's draft election program. Despite a bitter battle waged behind the

Party, sent a letter of protest. And last year the Durham miners, whose leaders are strong supporters of Lawther, voted ten to one to have Bevan address their annual gala.

Among the workers, Nye Bevan's popularity rating is higher than that of any other man in the Labor Party. This is due not only to the leftist trend which has thrown up Bevan but also to the capital he has made out of the tide of

led to the unemployment in the textile mills of Lancashire."

"By cutting off Western Germany from her natural East European markets, America has increased German competition against Britain."

All this is excellent ammunition for sniping at the existing government ("lackeys of Wall Street") and for giving an outlet to pent-up discontent. But what program will Bevan offer if

he is raised to power? At home, briefly this—more socialism—in other words, more state-ownership; less rearmament; complete economic independence from America. Abroad, recognition of Red China; the eventual handing over of Formosa to Red China; delaying the armament of Germany to allow West German Socialists to negotiate with the East Germans; and the abandonment of all colonial territories—in other words, the sounding of the death knell of the British Empire.

The logical outcome of all this does not seem to worry Bevan. Perhaps he has not even thought it through to a conclusion. Britain cannot in reality exist without the Empire and the United States.

**T**HE reverence with which peers were once treated by the middle classes is now reserved by the Bevanites for professors. And Harold Wilson, ex-university professor, Bevanite Chancellor of the Exchequer-designate, is left to produce the last trump card of the Bevanites: "The answer lies with Russia." Even the extreme right wing of the Bevanites wishes to trade and negotiate with Russia.

If the Bevanites do come to power and they pursue their present program, Britain would inevitably become dependent on Russia. The Bevanites, incidentally, are not alone in wishing to trade with Russia—businessmen's minds are also turning in that direction and the unofficial trade delegation that went to Peking in June included representatives of many large British firms.

According to the mass of workers who follow the Bevanites, all their troubles stem from America. In this belief they are joined by the intellectuals and liberals, not the Liberal Party as such, but those who pride themselves on the tolerance and breadth of the British outlook. This tolerance embraces fellow travelers, Communists, Russians, Red Chinese, East Europeans, and even Indians. But, strangely enough, that same tolerance fails to embrace Formosa, Spain, or America.

The very people who bitterly lambaste McCarthy for intolerance, prejudice, and "gestapo-like methods" will not even give a hearing to any other point of view. Their minds are set. When it comes to 16 million people liquidated in China, some excuse or justification is found, and one is reminded that this is, after all, a very small percentage of the population. This kind of remark is not surprising when one considers that Sir John Pratt was, until recently, an advisor to the Foreign Office on China. Today Sir John is stumping the country, saying on Communist platforms that the Americans incited Syngman Rhee to attack North Korea.

**M**ANY people in Britain who are anti-American have never even met an American. They hold theoretical prejudices based very often on distorted newspaper reports. On the other hand, there is an old jingle that goes: "It's the little things that bother And put us on the rack, We can sit upon a mountain, But not upon a tack!"

It is a sobering thought that by the behavior of each one of us abroad our nation is judged. A little rudeness, such as road-hogging, may damn America in the eyes of a whole village. It is one of the tragic commentaries of our age that the error is so often remembered after the good. Thus, the relatively few service men who have created an unfavorable impression are used as examples in Britain, and thousands who have made friends and are law-abiding are overlooked, save by those whose hearts they have won by contact with them.

**I**T is a pity the dollar exchange prevents so many British from visiting the United States. One woman who has just returned from an official visit to America no longer toes the Bevanite line, having seen for herself. It is to be hoped that someday someone will have the generosity to invite Bevan himself to the United States for a few weeks.

People have always plenty to say against the American air bases in Britain. One fact, however, is seldom mentioned: that these very airmen about whom they protest bring more dollars into the country than the whole of our exports put together.

It is hard to understand what caused Sir Winston Churchill to ask for a four-power conference when he did, unless it was the knowledge of this feeling and attitude in Britain toward the United States. Many feel that his demand was purely for home consumption, but unfortunately it resulted in the ideological initiative being temporarily taken from the United States and once more given to Russia. When he made his suggestions, perhaps his anxious eyes were fixed on his chance of victory at the next election, since he is convinced that a Conservative victory is essential if Britain is to be saved from ultimate totalitarianism.

Whether Sir Winston's move will be best for Britain in the long run only history will tell, but some people feel that Sir Winston intends to out-Bevan Bevan. It appears at times that even the Conservative program is being shaped by the trend to the left. The British are sublime optimists at heart, who hope for the best and are eager to believe that Russia would give them a fair deal. Their present confusion arises out of a lack of bold leadership, founded on principle.

What Britain needs today is a leadership that is unafraid to enlighten the public about the true facts and will make decisions above party politics. People need to realize that, unless this country and the United States have a common purpose, it will only be a matter of time before both are engulfed by totalitarianism.



*Britain's hardy mine workers have been among most hearty supporters of Bevanism, even in areas where anti-Bevan leadership has been strongest*

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Hosts vs. Guests

THERE ARE SO MANY books on the market today about what to do. Books on traveling—so you're going here or there or somewhere else. Books on what to wear on a plane or on a ship or, for all I know, there may be a book on what to wear on a submarine or a camel. There are books on how to be a guest and how to be hostess.

On the matter of hosts and guests I want to say a few words. No one has asked my opinion, but I give it anyway, and I have a sneaking suspicion that no one asked most of these authors, either, who are so busy with their words on how to or how not to. My advice to hosts and guests is very simple: to hosts and hostesses I say let people alone once you have invited them; to guests my advice would be a little different. But I do think the finest guests and best hostesses are those who keep out of each other's way for much of the visit.

Company divides into two kinds—those you want and those you don't want. The second I shall just not write about; elimination is best. The other kind is subdivided into those you must entertain and those you needn't.

Except in cases I can't help, for I am a kind-hearted woman, I have endeavored always to keep away those who must be entertained. I offer bed, radio, television set, terrace for warm weather, porch when it rains, and living room large enough so people don't bump into each other in their passage through. Food we will mention later.

In Massachusetts there is a charming place run by a congregation of nursing Sisters. They have no facilities for the really sick, and they don't exactly welcome the really well. But if you are tired you are most welcome. My guests are often like that. Many are in the writing business, which is a pretty tiring one. They like to rest and sleep. Last summer one of my visitors had been working for months among the exiled people in Europe, a very fatiguing task indeed. She had a ten-day vacation and she came to my house to spend it. She slept until noon, went for a long walk by herself, came home with bags of food under her arm and cooked dinner. A really wonderful guest.

## Anyone for Bridge?

AS FOR GUESTS and games, there I am really left cold, so my advice on this will be no doubt completely heretic. Long ago I got frightened out of playing bridge because of the unkind looks leveled at me if I made a mistake, and I did often. I have a good memory, but it is impossible for me to remember who played what and even more what has not been played. I love a good game of solitaire where no one can give you a mean look but yourself, and I especially like the variety known as Idiot's Delight. This I can both explain and play and shall perhaps include it in a book on How To Be A Hostess.

It has sometimes seemed to me that I am the only person in the world who does not play bridge, and I shiver to think of the terrible reason: I cannot grasp it or understand it. Perhaps it is also that I don't like people not to like me, and if there is a colder thing to feel than the way expert

players look at the table after your inept hand has put down the one card you should not have put down, I don't know what it is.

Once I went to a big charity bridge party where luncheon was served first. I was asked did I play and with a sinking heart I said no. I was hungry and thought perhaps if you didn't play you couldn't eat. But it turned out there was a special table for non-players. Before long I was seated with seven other people, all non-players, and all with happy faces. Luncheon over, the tables were ripped apart, but ours was left alone and we had a second cup of coffee while the poor occupants of other tables had to go to work earning prizes.

It is not that I don't want to play. It is just that I am scared. And if people are visiting at my house who really know the game, I am happy to provide tables and cards—anything but myself.

I shall have two bits of advice in my book on another important matter. One is don't personally conduct your guests. It seems to me it is a terrible thing to be a personally conducted guest and have to be ready to talk all the time or to play games at command or be entertained or entertaining.

## Coffee Keep You Awake?

THE NEXT SUBJECT my book will handle will be that of coffee. The subject of tea is really too intricate and there would have to be a series of chapters explaining that you must never use anything metal, that you must heat the china teapot first, just how hard the water must be bubbling, and a dissertation on the merits of pale China tea, black Irish tea, smoky Lapsong, and many others. Personally, I think that if tea is required it should just be made and nothing said. Maybe the old Chinese idea was best: guests brought their own tea and made it right on the spot. One must also discuss the intricacies of milk, sugar, lemons, and even rum. Coffee is different; it is black, made with hot milk, or you can use cream and sugar. Also it must be freshly ground and freshly made. That is all.

With coffee the utensil is important and with the years and varying desires of guests I have acquired an interesting lot of these. We boast two glass ones, a big drip one of metal for eight cups, one for four, for two, and a darling affair that sits right in the coffee cup and makes one cup. There is also a plain enamel pot for those who want to feel woodsy and Early American. The others are all drip makers, and there will be a whole chapter in my book about how this is the only kind of coffee worth drinking. There will also be a psychological chapter about the error of thinking you can't sleep after drinking coffee at night. I cannot go into this further here, but I shall say simply that it is not coffee but other things which cause this—such as a just read and too gory mystery tale or a bad conscience. In my forthcoming book, to be called simply *How To*, there will be a list of soporific mystery tales and also suggestions for improving a bad conscience. Meantime, if the suggestions here given prove of help to any Anxious Reader, I shall be repaid for my work.



# Handicapped Workers are Good Business

So don't shrug automatically and say, "Sorry, nothing open" if a job applicant carries a crutch or has an empty sleeve

by **JOSEPH M. KELLY**

**D**O you own a business? A little embroidery factory? A machine shop?

A public relations service? Or a bank? Then you hire help and pay them up to a couple of dollars an hour.

How would you like to eliminate needless, time-consuming trips to the drinking fountain or rest room? Or the slow-motion pace of a machine worker listening to the yackityack of somebody across the aisle analyzing world affairs in bad grammar? Or absenteeism, that recurring epidemic which kills off so many grandmothers during the World Series and other daytime headline events? Or the divided attention which the shop swains distribute between the job and the sweater girls in the department?

Then make sure you don't pass up the opportunity to hire a worker who is physically handicapped.

He won't sneak off to a ball game. Not in a wheel chair. Joe Blow's gabby commentary on international affairs won't distract him—if he's deaf. If he's a spastic, he won't feel like parading around the office unnecessarily. And if he's blind, what's a sweater girl?

Perhaps you never thought of it before. But there it is. The handicapped lack something the average citizen has. But that doesn't necessarily spoil their ability to work. It can be an advantage.

Figure it out. A soldier loses both legs in Korea. He is handicapped. Handicapped, that is, for entry in the Olympics or a career in ballet. But he could run a linotype machine as well as the next fellow.

A coal miner breaks his back in a

mine cave-in and can only get around braced in a wheel chair. He can't rough it on an auto assembly line or in the cab of a truck. But he can repair watches, operate a small packaging machine, or inspect certain manufactured items.

A girl may have a limb deformity which prevents her from modeling gowns or trying theater. But what is to keep her from being the best switchboard operator or bookkeeper ever?

Tom Hunter, of Fayetteville, N. C., has never seen a radio, a TV set, or an automatic washer. He's blind. Been blind all his life. But he has done such a top job of selling Philco products that for the past three years he has received company awards for the highest attained quota in his division.

Hunter's electrical business grosses over \$1,000,000 a year. He is a hobbyist of the "ham" radio stripe. He picked up an excellent education through the service of readers, and he does his extensive reading by playing on his record player "talking books" made available through the Library of Congress. Tom has earned a Presidential citation for his outstanding business achievement.

He is handicapped, all right. Has never seen a thing in his life. But he is a more successful executive than most people with 20-20 vision and a sprinter's legs. Many a firm would like to sit Tom in a swivel chair behind a formidable looking executive's desk.

Jim McQuaid, of Vincennes, Ind., is another proof of the little understood fact that the handicapped, in their own way, are as good economic producers as anyone else.

Jim, a 6-foot 2-inch ex-Notre Dame man, was a basketball coach. A collision with one of his players tossed him into the bleachers and injured his spine. That was the beginning of an invalidism which forced him to convert from a career in sports to one that could be managed from a wheel chair.

He started out modestly with a store called Mac's Magazine Rack and dealt with the familiar line of newspapers, magazines, candies, cigarettes, and other items. It was a small place, but it was smartly run and the genial proprietor made good company for anybody who wanted to gab about sports personalities or the record book.

Business grew until Mac's had to move to larger quarters in a new building where he added a sporting goods department and a gift section. Business now demands the attention of Jim, his wife, and a clerk who spells him when Jim takes time off.

Not a bad job of economic adjustment for a disabled giant.

During World War II, the Government got the idea of putting the handicapped to work. Plenty of war production was needed for the big showdown drive on Tokyo and Berlin. But the usual producers, the young Americans



*Lee Lewis, of Roxbury, Mass., severely handicapped from birth, has a record of high quality salesmanship*



**Handicapped workers at Northrop Aviation, Hawthorne, Cal. Midget George Rogers and blind veteran, Joe Oberta**



**Blind Sisters, Josephine and Sadie Atanasio, of Long Island, N. Y. Business women and now religious novices**

with straight limbs and good eyes, were crouching in the jungles of the South Pacific or bivouacking across the Channel, waiting for the big strike at Kuralei or Normandy.

They had switched from producers to consumers of the industrial output. They were now the dispensers of drugs, the manners of guns, the thumpers of Pentagon typewriters. They were the official fighters of a war which hungrily devoured every nut and bolt and strand of copper wire that could be manufactured. The production end had lost them, so somebody had to take their place.

The obvious solution was to use the handicapped. Few of them are completely helpless. A Federal placement service could make the two ends meet and match up the requirements of a particular job with the nature of a citizen's handicap.

It could also re-educate employers out of their prejudice against handicapped workers and show them that, when properly placed, the handicapped employee can be at least as efficient as anyone else.

Since 1940, public employment services have found placement for two-and-a-half million disabled persons.

Dr. S. Norman Feingold, Executive Director of the Jewish Vocational Service of Greater Boston, cites the case of Miss Lee Lewis, of Roxbury, Mass., as an instance of how successfully a placement

service can solve very unpromising cases.

Miss Lewis was born with bilateral dislocated hips, clubfeet, deformities of the knees, deformed arms, and clubhands. Her only means of locomotion were a wheel chair and a special seat on which she could be carried. These crushing disabilities posed a pretty problem both for the courage of Miss Lewis and the ingenuity of the Vocational Service.

The Counselors noticed immediately that Lee had a remarkable voice, the kind of voice you like to listen to, bell-like, friendly, and with a hint of laughter in it. That was their cue.

**T**HEY contacted firms which were interested in telephone solicitation, salesmanship that is practiced over the telephone rather than by doorbell pushing or office calls. This was something Miss Lewis could do better than the average normal person because of the superior quality of her voice.

Lee has sold via telephone, on a part-time basis, for furriers, dry cleaners, publishing houses, and others. At times her schedule is so full that she has to decline new contracts.

To Catholic employers a particularly telling argument in favor of the efficiency of the handicapped is the case of the "Gay Twins." The "Gay Twins" are Sister Jeanne Madeleine Gay and Sister Francis Terese Gay, of the Third Order of St. Francis. Identical twins,

they were born blind in Faribault, Minn. They studied music by Braille at Nazareth Institute, in Montreal, and, after extensive concert and radio work, were received into the Franciscan Order.

A convent is one organization in which every member must pull her own weight. There are 150,000 nuns in the United States, and they do the work of at least twice that number of average people. Nuns have no personnel to waste in caring for convent invalids—except those who become invalids by an act of God after their profession. So superiors make very sure that prospective recruits are able to give rugged service to both the order and the Church.

The "Gay Twins" have not disappointed the judgment of the officials who admitted them. They conduct highly successful courses in music for the blind, have made excellent studio recordings, and are nationally known figures in the music world.

If you own a business, think it over. Don't smile sympathetically and respond with an automatic "Sorry, nothing open just now" if a job applicant is accompanied by a seeing eye dog, a crutch, or an empty sleeve.

You're not hiring his blind eyes, his bad leg, or his amputated arm. Maybe he's got a lot more than you really need. And what he's got, he may be able to use a lot more smartly than the good looking squirt who has everything.

The Sign's  
**PEOPLE**  
 of the month



▲ Deverall explains American labor movement to Japanese unionists. ◀ On lecture circuit, he explains Japan to Americans.



● Richard Deverall, AFL representative in Asia, is a fiery bull of a man with a rolled-up-sleeves approach to spreading the social message of the Gospel. At his AFL post in Tokyo, 41-year-old Deverall helps Asians in their almost hopeless struggle to gain bargaining rights and better working conditions in an area of cheap labor, overpopulation, and feudalism.

A sort of footloose diplomat for American labor, Deverall is seldom mentioned on Tokyo's society pages for the fanciest cocktail party of the week. But he makes more noise combatting anti-American Communists than many more highly touted propagandists. And the Reds don't like it.

Despite the Communists, Deverall finds that "Japanese workers welcome an American unionist who is sympathetic toward their struggles and helps them develop truly democratic labor 'know-how'."

Among his other activities, this labor apostle finds time to publish a monthly magazine for Japanese unionists and turns out books and pamphlets prodigiously. A close friend of Rev. John LaFarge, S. J., and Dorothy Day, Deverall credits them with inspiring his interest in the labor movement.

Deverall has been living out the implications of his ideals ever since he worked his way through Columbia University and Villanova College in the early thirties. At Villanova he founded the hard-hitting magazine *Christian Social Action* which, unfortunately, folded with the outbreak of World War II, in which Deverall served as a second lieutenant. A Brooklyn man, Deverall also helped found the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists in 1939.

Friends include such a

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Friendship House's children's program includes classes in painting and crafts such as this directed by Miss Foley.



Members of the center's staff discuss where next month's budget is coming from as young neighbor listens in.



● If you chanced to visit Friendship House on Harlem's 135th Street in New York, as Catholics interested in interracial justice often do, you'd probably be greeted by a sprightly young woman with flaming red hair, but you'd hardly suspect that you were meeting the boss. She is Anne Foley, director of Friendship House's New York center, where a staff of eight young lay Catholics and numerous volunteer workers are making the meaning of the Mystical Body of Christ a reality for Harlem's colored citizens.

As Anne explains it, Friendship House's program is direct and simple: "to be a friend and neighbor to the people who live around us, helping them with advice and material aid when needed." In its role as "friend and neighbor," the staff finds itself running a program for neighborhood children to keep them busy and off the streets, distributing free food and clothing to the needy, helping the unemployed find jobs, making surveys of housing conditions in the overcrowded area, working against misunderstanding and discrimination through the Friendship House newspaper, the *Catholic Interracialist*, supporting legislation against discrimination, and giving lectures to school, college, parish, and civic groups on the problem.

Anne, who is twenty-nine and a graduate of Regis College in Weston, Mass., will tell you that progress is sometimes slow and intangible, but a better life for America's "second-class citizens" is in sight. For her part in the work, Anne received adequate recognition in 1952, when she won the Schaefer award for her contribution to better community relations. But such recognition is not what she seeks. Like other Friendship House staffers, she won't be satisfied until the colored man receives his due as a citizen of the nation, child of God, and a member of the Mystical Body of Christ.



Baseball fans are treated to another "subway series" between Yanks . . .

THE World Series of 1953 will be a replay of the series of 1952, between the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers, though not necessarily with the same outcome.

We'd like to offer our congratulations to the Yankees for their feat of being the first team ever to win five successive pennants in major league baseball. This is an outstanding achievement; yet, looking back over the sometimes hectic play of the five pennant races starting in 1949, one is struck by the ease with which the New York Yankees marched along to victory after victory.

But ease or difficulty, for any team this is indeed *it* in the realm of baseball lore. There have been many other outstanding team achievements in major league baseball, but this one overshadows them all.

Many teams have won three straight pennants. The New York Giants of 1921-24 and the Yankees of 1936-39 won four in a row and, after losing in 1940 by a slim margin, Joe McCarthy's bombers won three more to make it

seven out of eight. But they missed that elusive five in a row. The Philadelphia Athletics under the ageless Connie Mack won four out of five by copping in 1910 and 1911, losing in 1912 and coming back on top in 1913 and 1914. But there was a break in 1912, though Mr. Mack always contended that the one he lost was his best.

Other team achievements beggar description, such as the miracle Boston Braves in 1914, last in July, but winners in September; the New York Giants of 1951 and the St. Louis Cardinals of 1942 coming from better than eleven games back in the stretch to overtake the Brooklyn Dodgers and win flags; the Washington Senators' feat of dethroning the seemingly invincible Yankees of Babe Ruth's heyday in 1924 with the gallant Walter Johnson spearheading the drive and Bucky Harris, the "boy manager," urging them on; the St. Louis Gashouse Gang of the Dean Boys and Pepper Martin and Frankie Frisch coming from way back

to collar the Giants at the wire in 1934; the Chicago Cubs winning 21 in a row in September to beat the Giants and Cardinals in 1935. These have been great feats, but they all have been confined to one season and one pennant drive.

### A Team Triumph

Congratulations are in order to a great team, for a team triumph it was more than anything else. Never in the history of baseball has there been such co-operation between players and coaches and manager, between manager and front office, as there has been in the Yankee organization during the last five years. Casey Stengel did a wonderful job with what he had, but he had it and when he didn't have it they got it for him. A great deal of the credit must also go to George Weiss, the Yankees' general manager, whose foresight and sagacity put the team together. It was Weiss who saw in the midst of torrid pennant races that the Yankees would need a little extra punch.

Thwarted by the other owners in his own league, Weiss reached over into the National. In 1949 he grabbed Johnny Mize from the Giants; in 1950, he picked up Johnny Hopp from the Pirates; in 1951, it was Johnny Sain from the Braves; in 1952, seeing no Johnnies around, he bought Ewell Blackwell from the Cincinnati Reds. You have only to look back on those particular pennant races to realize what these men meant to the Yankees down the stretch. They were gotten for a particular reason at a particular time and they came through. As a matter of record, Johnny Mize is still coming through. George Weiss is also responsible for the development of a farm system that could produce such as Billy Johnson, Gerry Coleman, Gil McDougald, Ed Ford, Andy Carey, Tom Gorman, Yogi Berra, Vic Raschi, Hank Bauer, Mickey Mantle, and the host of other players who have written "YANKEES" so brightly in pages of baseball.

The owners Dan Topping and Del Webb must be congratulated, too, for standing aside and letting baseball men do a baseball job. Their confidence in Weiss and Stengel has been more than justified.

The coaching staff has been wonderful. Frank Crosetti brought along the young infielders, Jim Turner was su-

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by DON DUNPHY



perb with the pitchers and the running of the bullpen. In fact, we think Turner is probably the most underrated of all the Bombers. Bill Dickey was great in developing Berra and Silvera and Houk.

Though there were many individual stars, such as the peerless Joe DiMaggio, old reliable Tommy Henrich, and the game's best shortstop, Phil Rizzuto, and sterling pitching by Lopat, Reynolds, and Raschi and to a lesser extent by Joe Page and Tommy Byrne, it was essentially a team triumph. When a Stirnweiss was hurt, there was a Coleman to fill in. When Coleman went into the service, there was Billy Martin. If something happened to Martin there would have been someone else to move up. These are just a few examples of overpowering Yankee depth.

So congratulations are due Messrs. Topping and Webb, Weiss and Stengel, and all the players for doing the impossible and making it look easy. And a special thanks to Arthur "Red" Patterson, Majordomo of the Yankee press relations, and his secretary, Margaret Regetz, for the kind co-operation they have given this writer.

#### **And Now, What?**

Will it now be five straight World Series triumphs as well? The Dodgers, who are to be congratulated for making it two in a row in the National League, say "No!" and say it quite emphatically. But the Brooks have a bad case history as far as the October Classic is concerned. Their play in the big series has been slightly less than emphatic. Six times the mighty men of Flatbush have swung for baseball's big apple and six times the banks of the Gowanus have overflowed from the tears of the faithful when it was over and plaintive shouts of "Next year!" have rent the crisp October air.

In 1916 the Boston Red Sox turned them back. In 1920, it was the Cleveland Indians. Then the Yankees took over. In 1941 it was four games to one. In 1947, the Brooks in that most exciting of all series ran it to the full seven games, but the Yankees were running fastest at the end. Only Preacher Roe could beat the Bombers in 1949 and again it was 4-1. Last year the Dodgers had their best chance, leading three games to two, with the series



*... and doughty Dodgers. Will "dem Bums" have better luck this time?*

to be finished on their home lot. But Reynolds, Mize and Kuzava were too much and the result, though delayed, was the same.

Will the haunting spectre of past frustration rise to mock the Brooks again or will the Dodgers forget the hapless past and play each game as it comes along? Who will feel the pressure? Will it be the Yankees striving once more for the impossible? But they make the impossible seem so easy. Will it be the Dodgers, who by this time must be feeling some kind of an inferiority complex about the series?

It's a long while between now and the finish of the series, but we have a feeling that it will be a corker. This will be a series between two fine ball clubs, fit, ready, well rested, and primed for the supreme effort. The Yankees have the better pitching and enough hitting. The Dodgers have the better hitting and enough pitching for a short series.

The classic could very well be decided in the first two games at Yankee Stadium. Barring accidents, lefties Ed Lopat and Ed Ford should go for the Yanks while Preacher Roe, who holds couple of wins over the Yanks, and Carl Erskine, the young fireballing righthander, should go for the Brooks. If either team sweeps the first two it could be a rout. If they split them, then it should be ding dong to the wire.

Personnelwise, these are the same clubs that faced each other a year ago. The Yankees won, but it was a squeaker. The Dodgers could have won, no question about that. Looking back on

it, it seems almost unbelievable that good hitters like Hodges, Campanella, and Robinson should lose their bats the way they did. Hodges, always a great threat at the plate, went twenty-one times to bat without a hit. All should hit better this time. But Allie Reynolds will still be in the bullpen ready for his fireman's role.

If Hodges, Campanella, and Robinson should hit better, it also seems unlikely that Johnny Mize can hit the way he did last year when almost singlehandedly he blasted the Dodgers out of contention. But Old John did pretty well during the regular season and there's no law against his doing it again.

As for predictions, I prefer to sit this one out. Casey Stengel and Charley Dressen, two good managers, get paid pretty well for the masterminding. Let them do the worrying.

#### **Milwaukee Protests**

A nice note from Miss Ethel Stahl of Milwaukee, who chides me for picking the Braves to finish seventh in the National League. Wants to bet "dollars to doughnuts" that the National League sensations are in the fight all the way. Okay, Ethel, you bring the dollars, I'll bring the doughnuts.

Seriously, win or lose, the Braves provided a real ray of sunshine to a race that would have been very drab without them. And a great deal of credit must be given to the Milwaukee fans for their loyalty and support of a team which without the stimulus of that backing was a good bet to finish seventh.



# Casey Up . . . to date

by MATT O'BRIEN



The gloom was thick in Mudville,  
as it was the day before,  
When Casey fanned the breeze,  
and Flinn and Blakey failed to score.  
Today the fans had premonition  
history would repeat  
As inning followed inning,  
and our Mudlarks faced defeat.

The last half of the ninth arrived;  
by two big runs we trailed;  
The Mudville fans were thinking  
that again their team had failed;  
And television baseball fans  
in every home and bar  
Had little hope of seeing Casey  
hit one high and far.

For Casey, mighty Casey, wouldn't  
get a chance to bat  
Till Cooney, Burrows, Flinn had hit,  
and Blakey after that.  
So as they sipped their lager beer,  
or puffed their cigarette,  
They listened to the smooth-voiced  
man tell them which brands to get.

Behind the ad man's lengthy spiel,  
the listeners heard a shout;  
They fidgeted, and wondered  
what the noise was all about . . .  
But at the Mudville Park the fans  
were jumping wild with glee  
Because their team was pressing  
toward a scoring jamboree!

For Burrows singled sharply  
after Cooney had fouled out;  
Then Flinn's weak pop was followed  
by big Blakey's two base clout.  
With two runs needed, two on base,  
and Casey at the plate,  
Could anybody chide those fans  
for their excited state?

But high up in the TV booth,  
the client's man was cool  
As he prepared to read his script—  
oh, he was no man's fool!  
He prefaced his remarks like this:  
"The tying runs are on, Sir,  
So now I'll take this chance to read  
a message from your sponsor!"

Again the stadium's thrilling drama  
faded from the screen;  
The barker's voice droned on once more  
—would nothing intervene?  
The fans were nearly crazy  
with their Casey at the bat;  
They wondered what was going on  
—you can't blame them for that!

Behind that nauseating voice,  
they thought they heard a moan,  
And then a more distressful sound—  
did Casey cause that groan?  
All over Mudville sets were wrecked  
by fans who went berserk  
Just guessing what was happening  
while list'ning to that jerk! . . .

When last we were at Mudville Park,  
we had two men on base;  
There were two out but hopes were high,  
for at the bat was Casey.  
The groan which caused the TV fans  
to suffer in dismay  
Resulted from a called first strike;  
—yes, just like yesterday.

O! Casey crouched, and grit his teeth,  
and squinted his good eye;  
The ball was hurled, but once again  
our Casey let it go by.  
The umpire snapped his right thumb up,  
and cried aloud: "Strike two!"  
But Casey, smiling frigidly,  
knew what he had to do.

"Two on, two out, two strikes," thought  
Casey; "one toss can end this fray;  
So when that guy makes his next pitch  
I'll close my eyes an' pray."  
The pitcher fired the ball with speed,  
but as it reached the plate  
The ball was met by Casey's bat,  
propelled by Casey's hate.

Three runs were in, the game was won;  
the fans went mad with joy!  
And Casey, mighty Casey?  
Oh, yes, Casey was their boy!  
The milling crowd behaved like nuts,  
their rapture unconfined,  
But in that mob there was one man  
who never lost his mind.

The sponsor's man approached the ump,  
and shouted out his beef;  
His words were so fantastical  
that they defy belief:  
He brazenly asserted  
that the camera missed the hit,  
And asked that Casey bat again  
for TV's benefit!

The umpire said the protest was  
legitimate; and, then  
Both Burrows and his buddy, Blake,  
returned to base again,  
While Casey faced his enemy,  
who looked him over and  
Released the ball; but this time . . .  
ah, yes! this time Casey fanned.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BURROUGHS

# Books

## THE NARROWS

By Ann Petry.  
Houghton Mifflin.

428 pages.  
\$3.95

*The Narrows* is a richly detailed story of Negro life in a little New England town. The Narrows, where the Negroes lived, is seething with life. Their lives and those of the whites very rarely come together; they criss-cross but only for a short time; then widen out in separate directions.

This is not a controversial novel; Miss Petry has nothing to prove, no cause to advocate. If the novel states anything about life, it is that human entanglements and tragedies are caused, not by one race or another, nor by one class or another, but by all men. Of course, the reader's sympathy is with the colored people, because the author, a Negro herself, has emphasized the tragedy in Negro life. One can not help asking why she used the naturalistic method of describing her people—why does she concentrate all of our attention on the sex life of the people?

The technique Miss Petry uses is subtle and clear. She describes a scene very clearly, then turns back to the past for its motivation. Other authors have done this but not with so much subtlety as Miss Petry uses.

The characterization is excellent; all the characters are described accurately, though not deeply. They cleave to the memory because of the richness of detail and because their lives go deep down into the community in which they live.

Miss Petry's prose is put to good use throughout the story; it is rich and undulating at times; it is stark and bare at others, homely, touching, and imaginative.

Although Miss Petry concentrates on the senses, not even suggesting a spiritual life which some of these characters must have had, she has been, in the main, successful. The tragedy of the Negro is not a tragedy of sex entirely—it has many ramifications which Miss Petry may explore in later books.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

## THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

By Charles A. Lindbergh. 561 pages.  
Scribner's. \$5.00

The police looked at the old soggy runway and they looked at the kid. He was up in front of the little plane tapping the puddles with his foot. The

night sky was heavy and misty. The kid walked back. "You going to go?" the cops said. The kid studied the little Ryan monoplane and, far ahead in the haloed lights, he studied the telephone wires 5,000 feet away. He nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going to try."

A few miles away, two other larger planes with full crews were waiting to make the first flight from New York to Paris. This was May, 1927, and the first non-stop flight would be for fame and \$25,000. The kid—Charles A. Lindbergh, 25, a Minnesota barn-stormer and mail pilot—had started late in the race. He started with no money, no prestige. Now, after torturing trials, here he was at old Roosevelt Field ready to take off first. He got in his "Spirit of St. Louis" with less than two hours of sleep and, exactly 33 hours and 30 minutes later, he landed at Le Bourget Airfield in Paris.

The lonely airmail pilot, as a result, got the \$25,000 and the affection of the world. Out of the fame came great happiness and deep tragedy, neither of which are within the ken of the reviewer. This book is about the flight and concerns itself with nothing else.

It was a great flight then, and it has not lost its greatness in the passage of 26 years. Colonel Lindbergh spent 14 years writing the book, and the graceful and sure assistance of his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, is evident in the deft literary touches throughout.

In this reviewer's estimation, *The Spirit of St. Louis* is a great book. The tension of the flight is almost beyond endurance.

JIM BISHOP.

## TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE

By Alan Paton.  
Scribner's.

276 pages  
\$3.50

Alan Paton's prose in this his second moving novel of South Africa (the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for August) has the melodious ebb and flow of a penitential psalm. Its cry of anguish for a man's sin that destroyed a family in its wake leaps straight from the human heart in full measure of remorse for what was and what might have been.

It is Pieter van Vlaanderen's Tante



Alan Paton

Sophie who recounts the case against him, taking on herself a share of the blame for his transgressions. But there were others, closer to him, more directly involved—his father, Jacob, an unbending, righteous patriarch, refusing to understand the boy's complex nature in childhood and so shut forever out of his trust, and Nella, Pieter's wife, who retreated from the frank expression of his love.

By the time Jacob signed wordlessly for a truce to bridge the years of lost confidence with his son, it was too late: Pieter, the strong, god-like police lieutenant, the protector of the black people, had placed himself beyond the reach of any help when he broke the iron law of his country by touching the native girl, Stephanie.

The story is a suspenseful, emotional study of a lonely hero who could inspire respect, even worship, but not the easy kinship that lesser men readily established. The compensation he sought through Stephanie only divided him further between revulsion for his own weakness and a mortal terror of discovery.

The author treats his difficult subject matter with the good taste of very genuine artistry. Its stark tragedy, while realistic enough, is always recognized uncompromisingly for what it is.

LOIS SLADE

## 311 CONGRESS COURT

By Richard Sullivan.  
Holt.

245 pages.  
\$3.00

The greatest tragedy that has yet or could come to the Webbers is the loss of their home on Congress Court which they have rented from Mr. McClay for twenty years.

When McClay orders them out to sell the property for use as a filling station, Vicky, Layo, and their three grown daughters are crushed. During their last summer, they celebrate the birth of their first grandchild, bury Old Uncle who happened in one day and stayed until he died, worry over the elopement of their middle daughter, and rejoice in the engagement of their youngest. Life is full and comfortable, except for having to move.

Meanwhile, bachelor McClay finds



R. Sullivan

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Compiled by Francis Edw. Nugent—For the layman who wants a bedside book of religious inspiration or religious and seminarians who are constantly on the lookout for material suitable to their daily half-hour of spiritual reading. The best authors from Robert Hugh Benson to Leo J. Trese are represented by chapters which, though they can be read at random, have a certain continuity of topic. **\$3.25**

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By Herbert Thurston, S.J.—An interesting, enlightening and meaningful study of the eleven most popular prayers that all Catholics know and use. Selected and arranged by Paul Grosjean, S.J., they show how these prayers originated and how they reached their present form. **\$3.50**

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By Peter J. R. Dempsey, O.F.M.Cap.—If we wish to learn about human nature we must consider its activities. Beginning with a study of vision, successive chapters treat of hearing and remembering, imagination and emotion, thinking and willing. In the concluding chapter the threads are drawn together and an attempt is made to deal with the problems of the soul and its destiny. **\$2.25**

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### Martin Luther, His Life and Works

By Hartmann Grisar, S.J.—This work "presents in English, and in a compact form, a most reliable, reasoned, unprejudiced, and balanced picture of its subject. No one who seeks to know the real story of Martin Luther can afford to neglect this work."—*The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* **\$4.75**

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himself hopelessly in love with an efficient, determined spinster. When the oil company deal falls through, he plans to surprise her by renovating 311 Congress Court for their home after the honeymoon. Characteristically, she puts her foot down as soon as the secret is out and chooses an apartment somewhere else. Though McClay has underestimated the power of his bride, the blow to his ego is nothing compared to Vicky's triumph when he tells her the Webbers may stay.

The warm affection which binds the Webbers together is their strongest armor as well as their most endearing quality. They ask little of life except the chance to live. They have no psychoses, no perversities. But, if they do not sink to any depths, neither do they ascend the heights. They are ordinary Catholics, and as such they make an ordinary book.

PAULA BOWES.

### AN AUTUMN IN ITALY

By Sean O'Faolain. 207 pages.  
Devin-Adair. \$3.50

Three years ago, Sean O'Faolain, the Irish biographer, novelist, and all-around man of letters, wrote, in *A Summer In Italy*, about the cities, the countryside, and the people of the North.



S. O'Faolain

In this new book he writes about the South. It is as distinguished a book as its companion. O'Faolain finds Italy at times fascinating, at times appalling, and always irresistible—as who does not? He is another in a long line of eminent Northern Europeans who in the sun, the colors, and the air of the storied peninsula seem to discover the other, and often the better, half of their imaginations.

Religion "counts" in Italy. It is either strongly loved or strongly hated. Of the many manifestations of this vital element in the country's life, O'Faolain, a Roman Catholic, has strong opinions of his own. They are independent opinions, always intelligent, never narrow. He believes that thousands of nominal Communists in this nominally Catholic country are not real Communists; Communism is simply something that they cynically, and perhaps foolishly, hope to make use of and then discard. But he ends his book on chords of hope. In land reclamation and partition, subsidized by American funds, he sees a future of typically Italian hard work—but a future, too, of something novel: that hard work met with an at least half-decent, an at least half-just reward.

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JOHN E. DINEEN.

## THE FOOLISH IMMORTALS

By Paul Gallico.  
Doubleday.

224 pages.  
\$2.50

Paul Gallico pulls out all the stops to give this saga the gaudy emotionalism of a book-length revival meeting. Dedicated jointly, it would seem, to eulogy of the new Israel and to the mutual reform of the main characters, the story swings from Burbank through hallowed Biblical cities to achieve its end, quoting scripture with a fierce and rather embarrassing determination.



Paul Gallico

Joe Sears, a brash boy who knew the short cuts and the rackets, was on his uppers when he hatched a scheme to raise a quick buck with a potential for lifetime security. Armed with the air of a cosmopolitan gentleman and a handful of convenient facts on longevity from Genesis, he approached the 75-year-old eccentric millionairess, Hannah Bascombe, on the pretext of leading her to the secret of immortality in the lands of the Old Testament.

Matching Sears for shrewdness, Clary Adams, Hannah's violet-eyed iceberg of a secretary, saw through the maneuver, but was no equal for Joe's tool, Ben-Isaac Levi, a compelling young Jew whose skillful play-acting determined Hannah's decision.

Arriving in Israel—where the author makes plain his contempt for the scattering of Arabs—the party encounters Ben-Isaac's ascetic uncle Nathaniel, who serves as guide on the pilgrimage to find the Fruit of the Tree of Eternal Life. Somewhere along the way, stimulated by the sight of the Holy Places, and in spite of Joe's persistent cynical wisecracks, the three Americans "get" religion right out of the air. Hannah even goes so far as to be baptized in the River Jordan.

The trouble with the whole thing is that it's a shade too tough and then too saccharinely noble to be convincing.

LOIS SLADE.

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## SO IT'S FRIVOLOUS?

Well, **CHOIR OF MUSES** (\$3.50) is less serious than other books by **Etienne Gilson**. But, after all, a girl contemplating a career as muse will find it full of helpful hints, not merely entertaining as it is to the rest of us. (She will learn among other things that a muse must remain distant; too close, she ceases to inspire.) The muses studied are Petrarch's Laura, Baudelaire's Madame Sabatier, Wagner's Mathilde, August Comte's Clotilde, Maeterlinck's Georgette and Goethe's Lili. Seriously, they are a delightful group of ladies, well worth meeting.

If you like a good story, without too much sugar, we recommend **RUE NOTRE DAME** (\$2.50), a novel by a new writer, the **Abbe Daniel Pezeril** (who ministered to Bernanos on his death bed). It's about an ancient, dried-up priest who grudgingly consents to act as confessor to a young priest-workman, with results that confuse his friends, but delight the angels. There's a wonderful introduction by Bruce Marshall.

The Iron Curtain kind of trial is not so new after all. **THE TRIAL OF OLIVER PLUNKETT** (\$3.00) by **Alice Curtayne** is about the trial and condemnation of an Irish Archbishop in 17th century London. He was accused of taking part in the Papish Plot, since proved to have been an invention. It's a dramatic story, played out in an atmosphere that reminds you continually of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial—which we found cheering. Perhaps after all Hungary won't always be like that.

**ARE WE REALLY TEACHING RELIGION?** (75c) by **F. J. Sheed** is an expansion of a talk given to a conference of teaching sisters a couple of years ago. The sisters say they are getting all worn out circulating it in rough copies, so we have come to the rescue with a printed edition.

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## THE FLOWER OF MAY

By **Kate O'Brien**.  
Harper.

342 pages.  
\$3.75

Most contemporary Irish novelists focus on peasants or workers and what goes on behind the lace curtains. Kate O'Brien is one of the few gifted writers of Eire to write about a neglected segment of Irish society—the cultured upper class.

Her latest is a story of a young girl's final step into maturity. Except for a somewhat languid beginning, *The Flower of May* is a well-constructed novel, written with subtlety, without sentimentality. In a pleasing style of deceptive simplicity, this interesting study of youthful perceptions converges on the eighteenth year of Fanny Morrow, "The Flower of May."

From a convent school on the Continent, she returns to Dublin for her older sister's wedding. The role of daughter-of-the-house is now thrust upon Fanny. With her desire for more education she rebels. A compromise is effected. Her parents allow her to return to Europe once again for the summer as the guest of one of her closest convent friends, Lucille de Melin, daughter of an aristocratic Belgian family. Traveling through France and Italy with the De Mellins—Lucille, her brothers Andre and Patrice, and their charming mother, the Countess—Fanny grows in the understanding of many things. On her return to Ireland she finds her mother dying. Immediately after the death of her mother she is faced with yet another sorrow, a near scandal. The plunge into life is trying, but, in the interval between her sister's marriage and her mother's death, Fanny Morrow had become a woman of capability.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## ICEBOUND SUMMER

By **Sally Carrighar**.  
Knopf.

262 pages.  
\$3.95

For three years, Sally Carrighar observed the prodigious and fascinating wildlife of the Alaskan Arctic. She watched countless birds and beasts reach the northern terminus of their spring migration, saw them woo and win mates, found families, and then depart. She studied the North as a naturalist, uncovering its mysteries, and as an author, steeping herself in its poetry. She lived among the Eskimos



Kate O'Brien



Sally Carrighar

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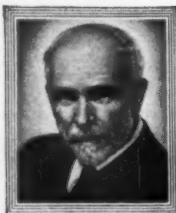
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and drew from the knowledge they had obtained from their forebears and from their daily life.

*Icebound Summer* is a collection of short stories (some have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*) based upon Miss Carrighar's Alaskan studies. The cast of characters includes lemmings, bears, foxes, seals, loons, terns and whales. Author Carrighar has endeavored to crystallize the gigantic drama of northern wildlife by depicting the struggles and trials of individual animals, and each story exhibits some phase (more or less crucial) of the central character's life.

It is not easy to write natural history in fictionalized form. The narrative is limited in scope and therefore draws heavily upon the writer's imagination. Scientific data must be everywhere present yet always inconspicuous.

Sally Carrighar has undertaken a difficult task, and the results are dubious: There is little sense of drama or suspense in *Icebound Summer*, despite the author's efforts toward dramatization. The style is uneven and brittle. There is too little action to hold the interest of younger readers and too little depth to satisfy mature readers. Evidently there was enough of something to satisfy the readers at the Book-of-the-Month Club.

PAT GAVAN RILEY.

## MATT TALBOT

By Eddie Doherty.  
Bruce.

200 pages.  
\$2.75

As a boozier, Matt Talbot was a holy terror. He lurched down Dublin's cobble streets, loose and sweaty, when he was twelve years old, and he stayed drunk until he was twenty-eight. Then he quit. That

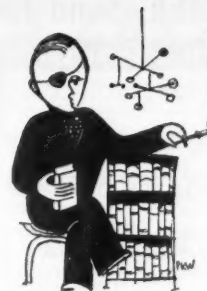


Eddie Doherty

was in 1884. What happened between that time and the morning that Matt dropped dead on his way to Mass, in 1925, could, in time, make him St. Matthew of Dublin. It could also make him the patron of many of the 15,000,000 alcoholics in the world. In its own good time, the Church will decide.

This much we know: when Matt turned his neon nose away from liquor and toward the altar, he executed the most complete about-face ever known. His nerves, his heart, his mind were tortured by lack of booze. His soul seems to have cried for more and more penance. He attended Mass every morning, received the Holy Eucharist almost every morning, worked hard as a laborer, put cinders on a floor on which to kneel and pray, slept on boards on a bed with a log for a pillow, bound chains about his middle and his legs, drank a mixture of cold tea and cocoa and ate dried crusts, and said practi-

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cally nothing about his acts of expiation. He was no missionary. He did not go back to the pubs to beg others to "see the light." Oh, no. One gathers that he was out to save the immortal soul of Matt Talbot. He seems also to have been fascinated by reading of acts of self-scourging, and eager to apply them to himself.

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JIM BISHOP.

## THE HEART OF THE FAMILY

By Elizabeth Goudge. 337 pages.  
Coward-McCann. \$3.75

"... I am not a serious chronicler of the very terrible contemporary scene... We must escape somewhere. I had some happy hours of escape when... writing this book, and I hope... readers may have them when they read it." Miss Goudge's modest statement, made about an earlier novel, applies to *The Heart of the Family*. Few will have more severe reservations; most will praise where she is different.



E. Goudge



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► A few oldtimers were sitting around the other evening, reminiscing and talking of this and that. The conversation turned to modern child training and the stern methods of the old days. The general opinion was that use of the rod was helpful in raising and educating children.

Only one old fellow, an opinionated, talkative individual, disagreed.

"The only time I was ever licked," he said, "was for telling the truth."

No one spoke for a moment. Then an old crony remarked:

"Well, John, it sure cured you."

—David Browne

Her novel concerns a family and an unhappy stranger who changes their lives by teaching them love as he rediscovers it for himself. Four houses inhabited by the Eliot clan form the scenes, but the heart of the family beats in David and Sally Eliot.

David, an actor, is the victim of life-long, concealed self-hatred which found focus when, as a bomber pilot, he helped destroy Hamburg. Sally, deeply in love with her husband, now carries their third child, a responsibility she desires but her husband desperately fears.

David has engaged Sebastian Weber, a sick, hate-ridden, Austrian refugee, as his secretary. David experiences alternating waves of antagonism and pity toward Sebastian. Resentment for his benefactor overwhelms Sebastian. His suffering and hatred, however, work a change in the family; each in his own way tries to fill the refugee's need.

Through sympathy for Sebastian, Sally conquers the fear of pain that marred her joy in awaiting their child; having perceived the dignity of suffering in him, she can face her own with resignation. David learns—here a fuzzy "mysticism" comes into play—that his relationship with Sebastian springs from his own guilt: David's plane dropped the bomb that killed Sebastian's wife. Self-knowledge brings reconciliation; with Sebastian dead, Sally gives happy birth and David learns the meaning of fatherhood and love.

Miss Goudge is in a way reminiscent of Enid Dinnis whom veteran readers of *THE SIGN* will recall with affection, although her world is more worldly—more concerned with temporal problems and the good material things of life.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

## THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI

By James A. Michener. 149 pages.  
Random House. \$2.50

Between its initial publication in *Life* magazine and the book form issued a few days later, almost everybody will be likely to read this potential best seller by the originator of *Tales of the South Pacific*.

And it is worth reading, for *The Bridges at Toko-ri* is not just another story of the most unpopular war in American history. It is a meticulous and at times magnificent transcript of the Korean conflict, as fought by our Navy planes and the men who guide their mazes of intricate machinery over mazes of merciless sea, sky, and mountain.

"Where did we get such men?" asks the "austere and lonely" admiral in charge; and the reader will echo his



James Michener

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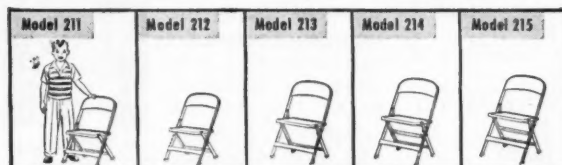
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# The Sign

question, watching the portraits painted in with compassionate and humorous realism and a remarkable absence of the obscenity which marks so much recent war literature. We know Brubaker, the 29-year-old lawyer turned jet pilot, longing only to return to his family: "he still griped, he still damned the Navy, but he did his job" . . . And Big Bill Forney, the Irishman from Chicago, flaunting a green cap as he flies out in his rescuing helicopter—breaking heads by the wholesale when jilted by his Japanese sweetheart—laying down his life for his friend as a matter of course: just as another leaps into the icy sea, or brings back the jets with dogged heroism.

The story is told with a bare, inspiring beauty, but it leaves the Catholic reader wondering why men in mortal danger do not turn more instinctively to God, and whether Catholic boys do not love the sacraments more than they hate Communism. Our Chaplains seem to think so!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

## SHERIDAN THE INEVITABLE

By Richard O'Connor. 400 pages.  
Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50

General Philip Sheridan has long been a popular American folk-hero, partly because of Thomas Buchanan Read's famous verse, "Sheridan's Ride." This new biography, however, does little to enhance the General's glory or to stimulate the reader's interest in his career or personality.

For all its apparently diligent use of source material, *Sheridan The Inevitable* curiously leaves an impression of superficiality. The author never "gets inside" his subject, with the result that Sheridan does not become real. He is instead merely a character described but not rendered lifelike; his qualities mentioned but not made sympathetic. We know, for example, that Sheridan disliked Southerners, but are not sure why. We learn that he did not marry until rather late in life, but do not read any reason for this.

Perhaps the author's style, which is slow and tiresome, is partially responsible for his lack of success. Certainly in the battle scenes he manages to leave this reviewer at least fairly bewildered. While several maps are furnished, they, like many of the Union generals mentioned, never seem to be in the right place at the right time.

All in all, *Sheridan The Inevitable*, a not completely effective title, adds little to our knowledge of the Civil War



R. O'Connor

period or of the General himself. A vivid and living portrait of Sheridan remains to be written.

H. L. ROFINOT.

## THE CHAIN IN THE HEART

By Hubert Creekmore. 401 pages.  
Random House. \$3.75

In this story of three generations of a Southern Negro family, Mr. Creekmore shows the gradual change from apathy and bitterness to determination to improve the race, first in Henry and Annie, grand children of slaves who live under a dying paternalism, then in their son George and his wife, May.



H. Creekmore

After spending his adolescence having fun and only barely managing to learn to read, George slowly awakens to his responsibility, especially after his father is killed for fighting back his cruel white boss. Although he looks for better things from his two boys, they follow his own "good-time" pattern. Ironically, it is his wife's son by an itinerant labor agitator who fulfills his hopes. And this only after George was able to overcome his initial hatred of the taft-colored, child whom he helps through college.

When, on graduation day, Taffy George departs from his prepared valedictory to denounce the hypocrisy of white Southerners, George feels vindicated for all the injustices he and others have suffered. T. G.'s diploma is denied and he is forced to flee to Chicago. But, failing to find that personal freedom he seeks, he returns South to help educate his people.

If there is a social message in this novel, it is a two-sided one: a plea for justice from whites; for education for the Negro. The characters are not types, but finely drawn individuals. The injustice toward Negroes is brought to our uncomfortable attention but without harshness and in a hopeful understanding of the weakness of both sides.

PAULA BOWES.

## SHORT NOTICES

**SHEPHERD'S TARTAN.** By Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. 179 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50. At its best, *Shepherd's Tartan* (here referring to the distinguishing black and white colors of the Dominican habit) reveals spiritual depths, intellectual sharpness, and both merry and dry humor. A well-known illustrator and writer of children's books, the author describes,



sketches, and comments upon some aspects of her life in a religious community.

Especially worth reading and characteristic are her chapters "Ways and Means," "Silent Homeland," "Empirical Methods," "Poor Bandaged Children of Eve," and "Fourth Dimensions." Stylistically, improvement might have resulted from the elimination of the plethora of clichés and of the occasional forced or even precious expression.

**A FAIR WIND HOME.** By Ruth Moore. 312 pages. Morrow. \$3.50. Ruth Moore has written a number of stories about the life of little, contemporary New England villages, where the drama of life is cut down but still poignant. This is a part of life which she understands very well.

Now, with her latest novel, *A Fair Wind Home*, she has written a historical novel with the scene laid in the eighteenth century.

While the characters are vividly portrayed and set in action, they barely touch the readers' interest, because there are too many of them and only the topsoil of life is offered as part of their motivations. The love story is forced—a good, earthly woman attaches herself to the man she loves and eventually becomes his wife—she has told the same story before and not improved on it. She is, apparently, searching for an ideal of the happy pagan life, but hasn't found it yet. These characters are too far away from the reader—he never loses himself in their lives, never takes part in the creative process.



### Tribute

► In an English colony in the Orient, the visit of a bishop is an outstanding event. A Chinese cook, duly impressed by the importance of the occasion, was inspired to do his utmost for the dinner. The menu was all that could have been desired, but the top notch of achievement came with dessert. The *pièce de résistance* was a magnificent frosted cake, on the surface of which the chef had embossed these words:

"Hurrah for God!"

—Dan Bennett in "Quote"

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**ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.** By Reverend Bruno Scott James. 276 pages. Regnery. \$3.50. St. Bernard wrote letters to untitled laymen, to religious, to Counts and Emperors, to Bishops and Popes. He always said what he had to say "openly and at once." You will be surprised by his boldness and will wince at his sharp tongue; you will smile at his humor and laugh at his lack of restraint. You may at times be shocked; you are sure to be frequently edified. You will have a wonderful time, and you'll find that much of what he says is sound advice for yourself. This is a book that you can use to impress or amuse your friends (or enemies). It is a book that will entertain and inspire you. It can be opened anywhere and read for a minute or an hour—or longer. The translation of Father Bruno Scott James is superb. Thomas Merton writes a sensitive foreword. Best of all are the letters—St. Bernard wrote them.

**ROMAN COLLAR DETECTIVE.** By Grace and Harold Johnson. 184 pages. Bruce. \$2.75. *Roman Collar Detective* is an exciting mystery story, rather complicated in the way the plot is worked out, competent in its use of suspense.

A murder takes place in the quiet little town of Galton, Ohio, and circumstantial evidence points to the priest's brother, recently returned from Korea, as the killer. For a time, things look bad for him. Then there is a second murder and the town is aroused.

It would be unfair to tell more of the plot, which gains momentum by the way it is told. Having cut their eyeteeth on short mystery stories, the authors have decided to try a full-length novel and have been more than successful. Though the characters are types, they do set the story in action; they make us feel that it really happened, which is all that is necessary in this kind of story.

**SAINT PHILOMENA.** By Sister Marie Helene Mohr, S.C. 136 pages. Bruce. \$2.50. From the antiquity of the Roman catacombs comes a teen-age saint who, like Saint Maria Goretti, suffered martyrdom in defense of purity.

It is 150 years since the shelf-tomb of Philomena was discovered in burial grounds dating to the second or third centuries. Nothing is known of Philomena except her name and the fact of her martyrdom, yet her influence with God, as manifested by innumerable miracles, resulted in her canonization in 1837. Revelations and legends, unverified, indicate that she was a Greek, of royal blood, and was martyred because of her refusal to submit to Diocletian. Source material is given in all instances.

The sparkle and radiance of this ex-

quisite little saint are skillfully captured by the writer.

**TO SEE PETER.** By Richard Baumann. 192 pages. McKay. \$3.00. With the conviction that there should be unity of doctrine in the Church founded by Christ, a Protestant minister joins a Catholic pilgrimage to Rome to see what he might see. Investigation and study ultimately convince him that all men ought to join the Church of Rome.

The author, a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Wurttemberg, leaves an uncomfortable dart in Blanshard's armor. The latter has sanctified freedom of choice until no objectivity remains; and this author's book is as fine an argument as any against this cult of personal choice at the expense of objective truth. It shows what one man with an open mind can find on the other side of the mountain.

**LOVE IS MY VOCATION.** By Tom Clarkson. 213 pages. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.00. It takes courage to write still another life of Therese of Lisieux, while to build up the "imaginary story" of one who has left an autobiography and copious letters almost suggests temerity. The attempt of the present volume is to dramatize the familiar scenes of the saint's living and dying, and of the world about her—all of which is accomplished with a good deal of emotional success, even where the picturesque is colored by sentimentality. Obviously the whole is a work of love; and as the convert-author himself sums up, Love is the only way to know a saint—or anyone else.

**CHOIR OF MUSES.** By Etienne Gilson. 196 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50. M. Gilson is concerned with the very real women who have inspired men to write. He analyzes the experience by which the artist sees, in the beauty of a woman, a revelation of absolute beauty; the experience in which the artist claims from his "muse" only a communion of thought and feeling which enables him, as artist, to associate her with his work. The experience is three-dimensional: sensual, aesthetic, and religious. M. Gilson, orientating it in relation to love and religion, rightly explains it on the level of art. He has already illumined some pages of his *Dante* with this problem. Here he discusses six other "cases." His chapters on "Art and Eros" and "The Artist and the Saint" are noteworthy. The literary critic will welcome M. Gilson's superb treatment of a complex problem. The artist will receive some excellent advice—about his art and his soul. Any "Muse" will be enlightened about her office—and warned to keep her distance. For through her the artist seeks his art; through his art he seeks his God.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

As a matter of fact, Father Murphy and I have been thinking of a new series of debates on "Has the American father and husband vanished?" Will Mrs. Burton chair the discussion?

JOSEPH F. CANTILLON, S.J.  
CANISIUS COLLEGE,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Mmm!**

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Re: "The Big Houses of Yesterday," page 11, August, 1953 issue of THE SIGN.

What's the watter with your printer, changing my name from "Mallon" to "Wallon?" He way be winding his P's and Q's but not his W's and M's.

If you ever call we "Wallon" again in your wagazine, I mill be justifiably mroth and mill never send you any more wanu-scripts.

MRS. MARY CATHERINE MALLON  
ALTOONA, PA.

Editor's Note: Our apologies to Mrs. Mallon. We feel she has avenged herself on the printer.

### Boys In The Offertory

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on the fine article entitled: "Poor Bandaged Children of Eve," by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O. P. in the August issue of THE SIGN.

I think I can add a comical blunder to her collection.

We pray the "Morning Offering" daily in school. Twice during the past year I caught myself saying, "I offer Thee all my prayers, works, boys, and sufferings." I can't understand why this happened, but, when I stop to think, I wonder if the explanation lies in the fact that I am a teen-ager. Could be, couldn't it?

May God bless you. Keep up the good work. THE SIGN is a great magazine.

MARY BOBAK

CLEVELAND, OHIO

### Angels On The Sign

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In regard to Miss Kuhn's \$64.00 question, may I say that personally I have often found THE SIGN's review of movies, stage, and TV helpful. I am grateful to the editors who help us live up to our obligations as Catholics in making the proper choice of entertainment. If our Catholic editors show no interest just how are we going to root out all that is evil in these forms of entertainment?

Regarding Sports—What is more beneficial to our youth than clean, wholesome sports?

It might surprise Miss Kuhn to know the amount of work one can do and still find time for prayer as well as daily Mass and Communion. A prudent and holy priest once told me that the angels themselves would supply the prayers omitted through either duty or obedience. If our contributing editors do not always get in that extra rosary, because of their work, who can say that the angels won't do it for them?

I also wish to state that besides enjoying

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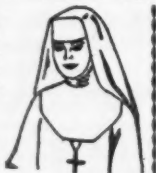
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a good play, a good movie, and certain programs on TV and radio, I like to read and I find your book reviews excellent.

JANET HORTON

PATERSON, N. J.

Editor's Note: We are glad they are here!

## Reuther: "Cover Girl"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Walter Reuther, saint or sinner, a "labor leader with a program slightly to the left of the encyclicals of the Popes," as depicted by John Cort, or "a political schemer and union boss of the Tammany type," as portrayed by Westbrook Pegler, is at best a controversial figure.

Pegler has repeatedly charged that Reuther, following his employment in a Russian auto factory, "wrote in lavish praise of the workers' paradise and exhorted his friends to work for a Soviet America." Lest it be dismissed as venom arbitrarily directed by Pegler at all leaders of the union movement, observe that this grave accusation has never been successfully refuted or countered by threat of libel, the path open to any man seeking vindication. Perhaps, in charity, the author of such an inflammatory statement is to be excused on the usual grounds that, while old enough to vote, he was carried away by "youthful enthusiasm."

Until history has passed judgment, it hardly befits the leading National Catholic magazine, which editorially is steadfastly and unqualifiedly American, to become an apologist for Walter Reuther and, least of all, to glorify him to the extent of selecting him as your "cover girl" for the August issue of THE SIGN.

CLAUDE G. HUBENER.

ELMHURST, L. I.; N. Y.

## Reuther: Labor Leader

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

John Cort's objective article, "Dynamic Redhead" on Walter Reuther, was a good antidote to a very biased piece of writing that appeared recently in the *American Mercury* on the same subject. Whenever John Cort writes on a labor topic, his work has the ring of authenticity.

In his younger years Walter Reuther grew up in a Socialist environment. So too did many others whose lives have mellowed with a maturing experience. If we are to accept Pope Pius XI as a witness, Socialism itself has evolved in a similar way. There is an old saying that anyone who is not a Socialist before he is twenty-five has no heart; anyone who is a Socialist after twenty-five has no head. The word Socialist today in the minds of a great many people certainly has a hundred meanings. To some, anyone just a little bit to the left of Henry Clay or William Jennings Bryan is a Socialist or a Communist.

In his social thinking, Walter Reuther comes closer to the Christian concept of industrial society and economic life than by far the majority of outstanding Catholic leaders that we know in the field of either labor or management.

How he would react at some future date if Socialism were to become the predominant social philosophy of the labor movement we do not know, nor would we venture to make a prediction. As the record

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Your Old AND New Address  
to THE SIGN

and the evidence stands today, the picture that John Cort has drawn is, to our mind, an authentic one and of sufficient strength to silence the snide remarks that are too often expressed by many who see a Communist in every pair of shoes under a bed.

If, twenty years from now, the Catholic Labor School movement will have produced just one Catholic labor leader of the stature, ability, and social vision of a Walter Reuther, we will have reason to be thankful.

REV. WILLIAM J. SMITH, S. J. DIRECTOR  
ST. PETER'S COLLEGE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS,  
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

## Voice of Experience

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

On opening up the August, 1953 issue of THE SIGN, I crashed head-on into "Teen-Age Protest." Nothing new: I went through that short-sighted reasoning myself, having an alcoholic father. But I learned early that self-justification is not the answer, and I learned, too, growing up has many more risks than alcoholism.

Young fellow, look at life as it is with others as well as it is with yourself. In every social rank you'll find various vices—and the elders groaning and moaning about the new generation—and the new generation fails to find the much vaunted virtues in the elders. You are not the only child of an alcoholic and your father will not be the last alcoholic on earth, no more than mine was fifty years ago.

Are you sure of what is going on in his mind? His approach to God, like his approach to reason, is evidently wanting, and yet he may be praying—inarticulately—to straighten out. While as a child, my prayers for my father were perfunctory—I did learn in later years to be mindful of his needs in eternity. Like Abe Lincoln, I learned to pray, and every irregular person, drunk, streetwalker, filcher, shop-lifter gets a quick, sincere prayer that they may see the light and respond. Sure, it's all disgusting. But why sour your young life blasting faulty elders when it is easier on your system to ask God to send His angels and saints to your father's assistance, and backing up a prayer with a contribution to some charity. Try it, you'll survive; but be sure you'll grow into the man you'd like your father to be, and you can, not by yourself, but with the help of your Creator, if you'll ask Him. And your night will turn to day, as it ought to be. There's plenty of fault to find, but far more important, there's plenty of good to be done, in just little ways.

ANOTHER SON OF AN ALCOHOLIC FATHER.  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Too Fast!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Referring to the story, "Angels on Wheels," page 46 to 48 of the August issue of THE SIGN, I would like to make one correction on page 48. You have in your article that the "Angels on Wheels" "left Middletown at 5:52 P. M., went to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Covington, Kentucky, loaded an iron lung, and arrived in

## A PASSIONIST VOCATION FOR GIRLS

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All others  
should write to:

**Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.**  
Passionist Monastery  
5700 North Harlem Avenue  
Chicago 31, Ill.

Louisville at 6:00 P. M." This should be "left Middletown at 3:52 P.M., went to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Covington, Kentucky, loaded an iron lung, and arrived in Louisville at 6:00 P. M."

I certainly enjoyed reading the article and feel that the volunteers working as "Angels on Wheels" deserve every recognition that can be given to them. They are a wonderful group of men.

DALE E. BOEHM.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

NAT'L FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are sorry we rushed them. Now they can relax.

## Five Dollars for "Fathers"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We enjoyed the article, "Fathers Are V.I.P.'s." It alone has been well worth the five dollars.

It is now being circulated among our friends.

MRS. C. A. BROWN

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.

## President Rhee

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article on President Rhee was most understanding and compassionate and gives renewed courage to those who believe that that which is morally wrong never can be politically right.

YOU CHAN YANG

KOREAN AMBASSADOR

KOREAN EMBASSY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Dunphy Counted Out?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have finished reading the June article on "Sports" by Don Dunphy and I take exception to the paragraph in which he states, regarding the Collins-Carter fight, that "... the referee wasn't alone in the responsibility for this sickening thing. The commission doctor sat idly by through all this and made no move. He didn't even bother to examine Collins between the third and fourth rounds. And he made no move during the three knockdowns of the next round."

If Mr. Dunphy intends to write about sports, he should get his facts before he tries to place blame. I wish to call your attention to the regulations applying to the commission doctor in Massachusetts.

1. The doctor is not permitted to enter the ring at any time unless requested to do so by the referee.

2. If he answers the referee's call to enter the ring, he still does not have any power to stop a fight. He can only advise the referee.

I suggest Mr. Dunphy inform himself of regulations before casting any ill comments regarding the doctor. If you recall the follow-up you will know that Tommy Collins was cut at a night club with his wife, dining and dancing right after the fight, and secondly that he was given a complete examination the next day at the Mass. General and given a clean bill of health. I am personally acquainted with the commission doctor. I think a retraction by Mr. Dunphy is in order.

MARY E. WHITE.

BOSTON, MASS.



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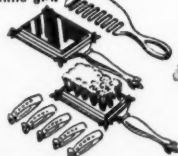
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**EXCLUSIVE.** "Baby Blue Eyes" is 20 inches tall. She has rosy cheeks, cute open mouth showing pearly white teeth, and real eyelashes over beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many life-like poses . . . even call her mommy.

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**SHE CRIES.** Bend her and she cries just like a real baby who wants her mommy.

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She Sleeps!



She Cries!



Soft Skin Feels Real!



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**BIG** as a baby



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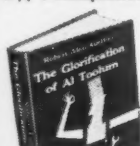
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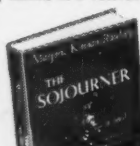
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